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# SONGS

OF THE  
GAEL

MACBEAN.

ENEAS MACKAY, PUBLISHER, STIRLING.

# SONGS OF THE GAEL

By LACHLAN MACBEAN

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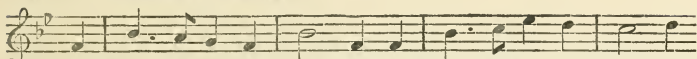
ENEAS MACKAY, Publisher, Stirling.



# SONGS OF THE GAEL.

## 1—MO NIGHEAN DONN BHOIDHEACH—MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN.

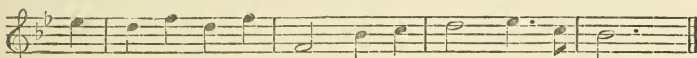
KEY B♭.—Beating twice to the measure.



{ s, | d : - . t, | l, : s, | d : - | s, : s, | d : - . r | f : m | r : - | m }

{ Ho - ro, mo nighean donn bhoidheach, Hi - ri, mo nighean donn bhoidheach, }

Ho - ro, my brown-hair'd maiden, Heeree, my bonnie maiden,



{ f | m : s | m : s | s, : - | d : r | m : - | f : - . r | d : - | - }

{ Mo | chaileag, laghach, bhoidheach, Cha | phosainn ach thu. }

My sweetest, neatest maiden, I'll wed none but thee.

A Pheig dhonn nam blath-shuil,  
Gur trom a thug mi gradh dhuit,  
Tha d' iomhaigh, ghaoil, is d' ailleachd  
A ghnath tigh'n fo m'uidh.

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal  
Gu bheil mo mhiann 's mo ghaol ort,  
'S ged chaidh mi uat air faondradh  
Cha chaochail mo rùn.

Nuair bha ann ad lathair  
Bu shona bha mo laithean,  
A seallbhachadh do mhanrain  
Is hille do ghnais.

Gnais aoidheil, bhanaid, mhalda,  
Na h-ogh is caomha nadur,  
I suaice, ceanaid, baigheil,  
Lan grais agus muir.

'S ann tha mo run 's na beauntaibh,  
Far bheil mo ribhinn ghreannar,  
Mar ros am fasach shamhradh,  
An gleann fad o shuil.

O maid whose face is fairest,  
The beauty that thou bearest,  
Thy witching smile the rarest,  
Are ever with me.

Though far from thee I'm ranging  
My love is not estranging,  
My heart is still unchanging  
And aye true to thee.

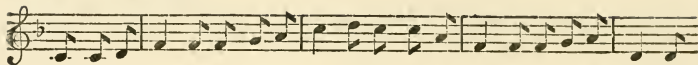
Oh, blest was I when near thee,  
To see thee and to hear thee,  
These memories still endear thee  
For ever to thee.

Thy smile is brightest, purest,  
Best, kindest, demurest,  
With which thou still allurest  
My heart's love to thee.

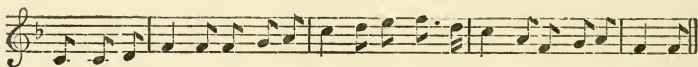
Where Highland hills are swelling  
My darling has her dwelling;  
A fair wild rose excelling  
In sweetness is she.

## 2—OCH, OCH! MAR THA MI—OCH, OCH! HOW LONELY.

KEY F.—*With expression.*



{ .s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub>.l<sub>1</sub> | d : d .d : r .m | s : l .s : s .m | d : d .d : r .m | l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub>. }  
 { Och, och! mar tha mi is mi 'nam aonar, A dol troimh choill far an robh mi eolach, }  
 Och, och! how lonely to wander weary Thro' scenes endearing with none beside me!



{ .s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub>.l<sub>1</sub> | d : d .d : r .m | s : l .t : d'.l | s : m .d : r .m | d d . ||  
 { Nach fhaigh mi a'it' ann am fhearann duthchais, Ged phaighinn crun airson leud na bhoige. ||  
 For all around now to me is dreary, My native land has a home denied me.

Neo-bhinn an fhuaim leam a dhuig o m' shuain mi,  
 'Se tighinn a nuas orm obhruaich nam mor-bheann,  
 An ciobair Gallda 's cha chòrd a chainnt rium,  
 E glòdhaich thall ri cu mall an dolais.

Moch maduinn Cheitein, an am dhomh eirigh,  
 Cha cheol air gheugan, no geum air mointich,  
 Ach sgreadail bheisdean 's a chanain bheurla,  
 Le coin 'g an eigheach, cur feidh air fogar.

An uair a chi mi na beanntan arda,  
 'San fhearannaigh 's an robh Fionn a chomhnuidh,  
 Cha-n fhaic mi 'n aite ach na caoraich bhana,  
 Is Gaill gun aireamh 's a h-uile comhail.

Na glinne chiatlach 's am faighteadh fiadhaich,  
 'M biodh coin air iallan aig gilleam oga,  
 Cha-n fhaic thu 'n diugh ann ach ciobair stiallach,  
 'S gur duibhe mheuran na sgiath na rocais.

Chaidh gach abhaist a chuir air fuadach,  
 Cha chluinn thu gruagach ri duan no oran;  
 'Fach bochd an sgeul e gu'n d' shearg ar n-uaislean,  
 'S na balaich shuarach n'an aitean-comhnuidh?

What sounds unsweet have disturbed me, marring  
 The long-sought slumbers around me falling?  
 The Lowland shepherd, with accent jarring,  
 Directs his sheepdog with hideous bawling.

No more are mornings in spring delightful  
 With deer soft lowing and woodland warbles,  
 The deer have fled from these barkings frightful,  
 And loud the stranger his jargon garbles.

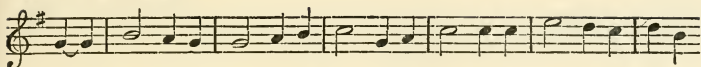
Our Highland mountains with purple heather,  
 Where Fingal fought and his heroes slumber,  
 Are white with sheep now for miles together,  
 And filled with strangers whom none can number.

The lovely glens where the deer long lingered  
 And our fair youths went with hounds to find them,  
 Are now the home of the long black-fingered  
 And lazy shepherds with dogs behind them.

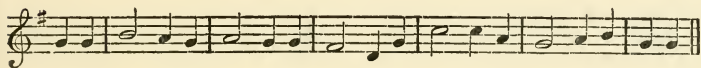
The ancient customs and clans are banished,  
 No more are songs on the breezes swelling,  
 Our Highland nobles alas! are vanished,  
 And worthless upstarts are in their dwelling.

### 3—LEABAIDH GHUILL—THE BED OF GAUL.

KEY G.—*With feeling.*



{ d : d | m : - | r : d | d : - | r : m | f : - | d : r | f : - | f : f | l : - | s : f | s : m }  
 O ..... caraibh, a chlanna nan teud, Leabaidh Ghuill is a dheo-greine lámh ris,  
 O ye bards, make the last bed of Gaul, With his sunbeam of war laid be-side him,



{ d : d | m : - | r : d | r : - | d : d | t : - | s : d | f : - | f : r | d : - | r : m | d : d ||  
 Far am faicear a leabaidh an céin, Agus geuga is airde 'ga sgàile. ||  
 Where the shade of this great tree shall fall, And its branches from tempests shall hide him.

Fo sgeith daraig a's guirme blath,  
 Is luaith' fas, agus dreach a's buaine,  
 Bhruichdas duilleach air anail na frois  
 'S an raon bhi seargta m'an cuairt di.

A duilleach o iomal na tìre  
 Chitear le coin an t-samhraidh,  
 Is laidhidh gach eun mar a thig e  
 Air barraibh na geige urair.

Cluinnidh Goll an ceilear na cheo,  
 Is oighean a seinn air Aoibhir-chaomha;  
 'S gus an caochail gach nì dhiubh so,  
 Cha sgarar bhuir cuimhne o cheile.

Gus an crìon gu luaithre a chlach,  
 'S an searg as le aois a gheug so,  
 Gus an sguir na sruthan a ruith,  
 'S an deagh mathair-uisge nan sleibhte,

Gus an caillear an dilinn aois  
 Gach filidh, is dàn, 's aobhar-sgeile,  
 Cha'n fheoraich an t-aineal 'Co mac Moirne?'  
 No 'Cia i comhnuidh Rìgh na Strumoin?'

This green spreading oak is his bower,  
 Fair growing and lovely and lasting;  
 Its leaves drink the breath of the shower  
 While the drought all around it is blasting.

Its leaves from afar shall be seen,  
 And the birds of the summer, swift winging,  
 Alight on its boughs wide and green—  
 From his mist Gaul shall hear their sweet singing.

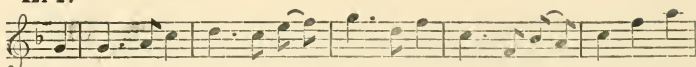
Evircoma shall hear how her praise  
 The songs of the maidens shall cherish;  
 Till everything round us decays,  
 Your memory from earth shall not perish.

Till this stone has been crumbled away,  
 Till the streams cease to flow from the mountains,  
 Till this tree with old age shall decay,  
 And drought dries from the hills all the fountains,

Till the great flood of ages has run  
 Over bards, songs and all that is human,  
 None need ask, Who was Morni's great son?  
 Or, Where dwells the brave King of Strumon ?

# 4—BANARACH DHONN A CHRUIDH—MAID OF THE DAIRY.

KEY F.

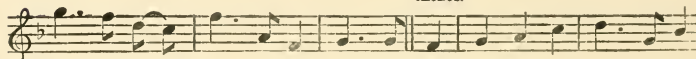


{ r | r : - . m : s | l : - . s : t . d' | r' : - . l : d' | s : - . d : f . m | s : d' : m' }

{ A | bha - na - rach mhlogach 'S e do ghaol 'thug fo chis mi 'S maththig lambainnean }

O white-handed maiden, My bosom is la - den, With love for the

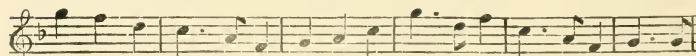
CHORUS.



{ r' : - . d' : l . s | d' : - . m : d | r : - . r || d | r : m : s | l : - . r : f }

{ sioda Air do mhin-bhosaibh ba - na. A | bhan - a - rach dhonn a chruidh, }

maid - en That ne - vershall va - ry. My bon - nie bright dai - rymaid,



{ r' : d' : l | s : - . m : d | r : m : s | r' : - . l : d' | s : - . m : d | r : - . r || }

{ Chaoin a chruidh, dhonn a chruidh, Cailin deas donn a chruidh, Cuachag an fhasach. }

Fairy maid, dai - rymaid, Bonnie blythe dairymaid, Maid of the dairy.

Nuair a sheinneadh tu coilleag,  
A' leigeil mairt ann an coillidh.  
Dh' iadadh eunlaith gach doire,  
Dh' éisdeachd coireal do mhànrain.

Ged a b' fhoannmhor an fhudheall,  
'S a teudan an righeadh,  
'S e 'bheireadh danns' air a' chridhe,  
Ceòl nighean na h-àiridh.

'Bheireadh dùlan na gréine,  
'Dearsadh moch air foir d' eudsainn,  
'S gu 'm b' ait leam r' a léirsinn  
Boillsgeadh éibhinn cùl Màiridh.

'S taitneach siubhal a cuaillein  
'G a chrathadh m' a chuasan,  
A' toirt muigh, air seid luachrach,  
An tigh buailidh 'n gleann fasaich.

Gu 'm bu mhòthar mo bheadrach,  
'Teachd do'n bhuaillidh mu 'n eadhrath,  
Seadhach, seang-chorpach, beitir,  
'S buarach greasad an àil aic'.

A bhanarach dhonn a' chruidh,  
Chaoin a' chruidh, dhonn a' chruidh  
Cailin deas donn a' chruidh,  
Cuachag an fhasaich.

When Mary is singing  
The birdies come winging,  
And listen, low swinging,  
On twigs light and airy.

My heart bounds with pleasure  
To hear the sweet measure  
That's sung by my treasure,  
The maid of the dairy.

The sunshine soft streaming  
Around her is beaming,  
It's glowing and gleaming  
On the locks of my Mary.

O'er the moors waste and dreary  
Trips gaily my dearie,  
With foot never weary,  
As light as a fairy.

The maid of this ditty  
Is charming and pretty,  
She's wise and she's witty,  
She's winning and wary.

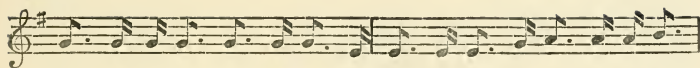
My bonnie bright dairymaid,  
Fairy maid, dairymaid,  
Bonnie blythe dairymaid,  
Maid of the dairy.

Gaelic words by ALEXANDER MACDONALD (Mac Mhaighstir Alastair);

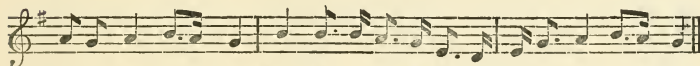


## 5—MORAG—JACOBITE SONG.

KEY G.



{ d ., d : d , d . - | d ., d : d ., l, | l, ., l, : l, ., d | r ., r : r , m . - }  
 Mhorag chiatlach a chuil dualaich 'Se do luaidh a tha air m'aire,  
 Morag with the tresses flowing, I will praise thee with de - vo-tion.



{ r . d : r | m ., r : d | m : m , m | r ., d : l, ., s, | l, d . - : r | m ., r : d ||  
 Agus O Mhor - ag, ho - ro 'sna horo gheallaidh, Agus o Mhor - ag.  
 Then horo, Mor - ag, ho - ro, the lovely lady, Then horo, Mor - ag.

'S ma dh' imich thu null thar chuan uainn  
 Gu ma luath a thig thu thairis.

'S cuimhnich, thoir leat bannal ghruagach  
 A luaidheas an cloth ruadh gu daingeann.

O cha leiginn thu do'n bhuailidh  
 Obair thruaillidh sin nan cailean.

Gur h-i Morag ghrinn mo ghuanag  
 Aig am beil an cuaillein barr-fhionn.

'S gaganach, bachlagach, cuachach  
 Ciabhag na gruagaich glaine,

Do chùl peucach sios 'na dhualaibh  
 Dhalladh e uaislean le lannir,

Sios 'na fheoirneinean mu'd ghuallnean,  
 Leadan cuaicheineach na h-ainnir.

'S iomadh leannan a th' aig Morag  
 Eadar Mor-thir agus Arrainn.

'S iomadh gaisgeach deas de Ghaidheal  
 Nach obadh le m' ghradh-sa tarruing,

A rachadh le sgiathan 's le clàidhean  
 Air bheag sgath gu bial nan canan,

Chunnartaicheadh dol an ordugh  
 Thoir do chòrach mach a dh'aindeoin.

A rìgh, bu mhath 's an luath-laimh iad  
 Nuair a thàirneadh iad an lannan.

H-uile cloth a luaidh iad riamh dhuibh  
 Dh' fhag iad e gu ciatach daingeann.

Teann, tigh, daingeann, fighte, luaidhte  
 Daita cuadh air thuar na fala.

Greas thairis le d' mhnathan luadbaidh  
 'S theid na gruagaichean so mar-ruit.

Agus o Mhorag, horo, 's na horo gheallaidh.

Far too soon has been thy going;  
 Soon come back across the ocean.

Bring a band of maids for spreading  
 And for dressing cloth of scarlet.

Thou shalt not go to the steading,  
 Leave vile work to loon and varlet.

Oh, my Morag is the sweetest,  
 With her lovely locks in cluster,

Coiled and curled in folds the sweetest,  
 Gleaming bright with golden lustre;

Glowing ringlets, golden gleaming,  
 Dazzle nobles who behold her;

Yellow tresses round her streaming,  
 Fall in cascades on her shoulder.

Many a lover has my lady,  
 In the mainland and the Islands;

Many a man with sword and plaidie  
 She could summon from the Highlands,

Who would face the cannon's thunder  
 Armed and for her honour plighted,

Driving hostile bands asunder  
 Bound to see our lady righted.

Certes, but our maids are clever  
 When they get their weapons ready,

Many a web they've sorted ever  
 Firmly handled close and steady,

Thick and close and firm in pressing,  
 Bloody-red, a dye unfading;

Come then with thy maids for dressing,  
 We are ready here for aiding.

Then horo, Morag, horo, the lovely lady.

# 6—CUMHA IAIN GHAIRBH RARSAIDH—RAASAY LAMENT.

KEY F.—*Slow, and with feeling.*

*(S mi nam' shuidh' air an fhaodh-lainn Gun fhaolte gun fhu-ran; Cha tog mi fonn)*  
 Sitting sad - ly I sorrow, Heavy-hearted and ailing, I am songless and

## CHORUS.

*(r : d : m. r | d : l : d | r. r : — : r. m | l : — : d. r. d | l : — : r. m)*  
 ao . trom, O Dhi- hao - ine mo dhunach. Hi - il ò ho bha hó Hi - il  
 cheerless, I am wea - ry with wailing. Hee - il ò ho - va hò Hee - il

*(r : l : d | l : — : d. s | l : l : d | r : — : r. m | l : — : d. r. d | l : l : )*  
 ò ho bha ò, Hi - il ò ho bha ò Hi - il ò ro o-bha eil - la.  
 ò ho - va ò, Hee - il ò ho - va ò, Hee - il ò - ro o - va aì - la.


Cha tog mi fonn aotrom,  
 O Dhihaoine mo dhunach:  
 O'n a chailleadh am bàta,  
 Air 'n a bhàthadh an cuiridh.  
 O'n a chailleadh am bàta,  
 Air 'n a bhàthadh an cuiridh:  
 'S i do ghuala bha làidir,  
 Ged a shàraich a' mhuir thu.  
 'S i do ghuala 'bha làidir,  
 Ged a shàraich a' mhuir thu;  
 'S ann an clachan na tràghad,  
 'Tha mo ghràdh-sa bho'n uiridh.  
 'S ann an clachan na tràghad,  
 'Tha mo ghràdh-sa bho'n uiridh:  
 Gun slod' air do chluasaig,  
 Fo lic uaine na tuinne.  
 Gun slod' air do chluasaig,  
 Fo lic uaine na tuinne;  
 Tha do chlàidheamh 'na dhùnadh,  
 Fo dhrùchdadh nan uinneag.  
 Tha do chlàidheamh 'na dhùnadh,  
 Fo dhrùchdadh nan uinneag;  
 Do chuid chon air an iallaibh,  
 'S cha triall iad do'n mhonadh.  
 Do chuid chon air an iallaibh,  
 'S cha triall iad do'n mhonadh;  
 Do fhrith nam beann àrda,  
 No gu àrd-bhéinn a' chuillinn.  
 Do fhrith nam beann àrda,  
 No gu àrd-bhéinn a' chuillinn;  
 'S mi na m' shuidh' air an fhaodhlainn,  
 Gun fhaolte, gun fhuaran.

Since the day of my sorrow  
 I am weary with wailing,  
 Since the loss of the boatie,  
 Where the hero was sailing.  
 Since the loss of the boatie,  
 Where the hero was sailing,  
 Oh, strong was his shoulder,  
 Though the sea was prevailing.  
 Now he lies in the clachan  
 Whom I am bewailing.  
 Now he lies in the clachan,  
 Whom I am bewailing,  
 And a green grassy curtain  
 His cold bed is veiling.  
 And a green grassy curtain  
 His cold bed is veiling,  
 His sword in its scabbard  
 The rust is assailing,  
 His hounds on their leashes,  
 Their speed unavailing.  
 His hounds on their leashes,  
 Their speed unavailing,  
 No more shall my hero  
 His mountains be scaling.  
 No more shall my hero  
 His mountains be scaling,  
 Sitting sadly, I sorrow,  
 Heavy-hearted and ailing.



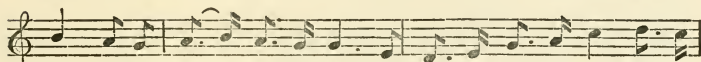
# 7—MO MHALI BHEAG OG—MY DEAR LITTLE MAY.

KEY C.



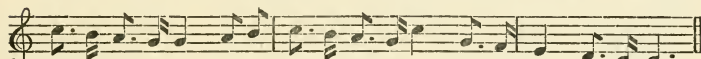
{ f l | s „s : m „s | d' : s „f | m : r „d | d : - . s | d' „d' : r' „d' }

Nach truagh leat mi 's mi prìo - san Mo Mha - li bheag òg? Do! chairdean a cur  
Dost thou not see my an - guish, My dear lit - tle May? In dungeon dark I



{ t : l . s | l „t : l „s | s : - . m | r „m : s „l | d' : r' „d' }

binn orm, Mo chuid de'n t-saoghal/thu. A bhean nam mala min - e, 'Snam  
languish, My own darling May. No eyes were sweeter, clear - er, No



{ d' „t : l „s | s : l . t | d' „t : l „s | d' : s „f | m : r „d | d : - . }

pogan mar na fìoguis, Is tu nach fhagadh shìos mi le mi-ruin do bheoil!  
kisses could be dear - er Than thine, my loving cheer - er, My dear little May!

**Di-dombhnaich anns a ghleann duinn,**

Mo Mhali bheag og,

**Nuair thoisich mi ri cainnt riut,**

Mo chuid de'n t-saoghal mhor;

**Nuair dh' fhosgail mi mo shuilean**

'S a sheall mi air mo chulaobh

**Bha marcaich an eich chruthaich**

Tigh'n dlu air mo lorg.

**Is mise bh' air mo bhuairleadh,**

Mo Mhali bheag og,

**Nuair thain' an sluagh mu'n cuairt duinn,**

Mo ribhinn glan ur;

**Is truagh nach ann 'san uair sin**

**A thuit mo lamh o m' ghuailainn,**

**Mu'n d'amais mi do bhuiladh,**

Mo Mhali bheag og.

**Gur boidhche leam a dh' fhas thu,**

Mo Mhali bheag og,

**Na'n lili anns an fhasach,**

Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ruin;

**Mar aiteal caoin na greine**

**Am maduinn chiun ag eiridh,**

**B'e sud do dhreach is t-eugais**

Mo Mhali bheag og.

**Ged bheirte mi bh'o'n bhas so,**

Mo Mhali bheag og,

**Cha'n iarrainn tuille dalach,**

Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ruin;

**B'annsa 'n saoghal-s' fhagail,**

**'S gu'm faicinn t'aodann ghradhach,**

**Gun chuimhn' bhi air an am sin**

'S an d' fhag mi thu ciuirt'.

Oh! hapless love that sought thee,

My dear little May;

Oh! fatal tryste that brought thee

Along yon green brae;

We met with words endearing,

No evil were we fearing,

When horsemen came careering

In angry array.

My heart with anger bounded,

My dear little May,

To see us thus surrounded,

My lady so gay;

Oh, withered let this arm be

That ever chanced to harm thee,

I never would alarm thee,

My darling young May.

Oh, fairer wert thou, blooming,

My dear little May.

Than lily sweet, perfuming

Some glen far away,

Like morning glory gleaming,

Along the mountains streaming,

So was thy beauty beaming,

My bright little May.

What though my life were spared me,

My dear little May,

Now it can never shared be

With kind little May!

I long to go, and never

From thee again to sever,

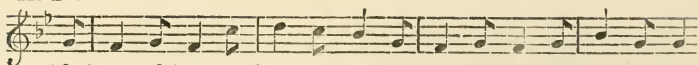
And there forget that ever

I wounded my May.

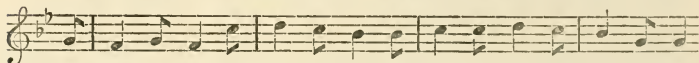
Composed by a Highland officer, who accidentally killed a lady.

# 8—LAOIDH OISEIN DO'N GHRIAN—OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

KEY B♭.



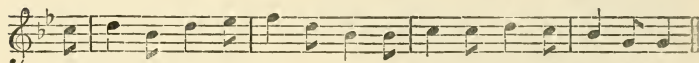
{ l | s | : - : l | s | : - : r | m | : - : r | d | : - : l | s | : - : l | s | : - : l | d | : - : l | l | : - }  
O thou - ea fein a shiubhlas shuas, Tha cruinn mar lan 'sglath chruaidh nan triath,  
O thou that mov - est through the sky, Like shield of warrior round and bright,



{ l | s | : - : l | s | : - : r | m | : - : r | d | : - : d | r | : - : r | m | : - : r | d | : - : l | l | : - }  
Cla as a ta do dhearrs'gunghruaim, Do sho - lus a ta buain a Ghrian?  
Whence is thy glo - ry team - ing high, And whence, O sun, thy last - ing light?



{ l | d | : - : l | m | : - : f | s | : - : m | d | : - : d | l | : - : s | l | : - : d | d | : - : r | m | : - }  
Thig thu - sa mach 'nad àil - le threin, Is fal - uichidh na reul an triall,  
In peer - less beau - ty thou dost rise And all the stars be - fore thee flee,



{ r | m | : - : d | m | : - : f | s | : - : m | d | : - : d | r | : - : r | m | : - : r | d | : - : l | l | : - }  
Theid ghealach sìos gun tuar o'n speur, 'Ga clea - tha fein, fo stuaidh 'san iar.  
The pal - lid moon for-sakes the skies To hide beneath the west - ern sea.

Tha thus 'ad astar dol a mhàin,  
Is co dha'n dùna bhi 'ad chòir?  
Feuch, tuitidh darag o'n chruaich aird,  
Is tuitidh càrn fo aois is scòrr,  
Is traighidh agus fionaidh 'n cuan,  
Is cailear shuas an rè 'san speur,  
Tha thus 'ad aon a chaidh fo bhuaidh  
An aoibhneas bhuan do sholus fein!  
Nuair dhubhas dorch m'an domhain stoirm,  
Le torrunn bòrb is dealan beur  
Seallaidh tu 'nad àill' o'n toirm,  
'S fianh gaire 'm bruailean mòr nan speur.  
Ach dhomhsa tha do sholus faoin  
'S nach fhaic mo shuil a chaidh do ghnuis,  
A sgaoileadh cùl a's orbhui' ciabh  
Air aghaidh nial 's a mhadainn ùr,  
A sgaoileadh cùl a's orbhui' ciabh  
Air aghaidh liath nan nial 's an ear  
No nuair a chritheas tu 's an iar  
Aig do dhorsaibh ciar air lear.  
Ma dh' fheudte gu bheil thu 's mi fein  
'An am gu freun 's gun fheum 'an am,  
Ar bliadhnaibh tearnadh sìos o'n speur  
La chèile siubhal chum an ceann.  
Biodh aoibhneas ortsa fein, a Ghrian,  
A thrìlath 'ad òige neartmhor ta!  
Oir 's dorch' mi-thaithneach tha an aois  
Mar sholus faoin an rè gun chàil,  
Bho neoil a sealltuinn air an raon,  
'S an liath-cheo faoin air thaobh nan càrn,  
An osag fhuar o thuath air rìth,  
'Fear siubhal dol fo bheud 'se mall.

Thou movest in thy course alone,  
And who so bold as wander near?  
The mountain oak shall yet fall prone,  
The hills with age shall disappear.  
The changing main shall ebb and flow,  
The waning moon be lost in night;  
Thou only shalt victorious go,  
For ever joying in thy light!  
When heaven with gathering clouds is black,  
When thunders roar and lightnings fly,  
Thou gazest lovely through the rack  
And smilest in the raging sky.  
But oh! thy light is vain to me:—  
Ne'er shall mine eyes thy face behold,  
When thou art streaming wide and free  
O'er morning clouds thy hair of gold,  
When thou art shedding wide and free,  
O'er eastern skies thy hair of gold,  
Or trembling o'er the western sea  
At night's dark portals backward rolled.  
Nay but, perhaps, both thou and I  
From strength to weakness both descend,  
Our years declining from the sky,  
Together hasting to their end.  
Rejoice, O sun, in this thy prime!  
Rejoice, O chief, in youthful might!  
Age is a dark and dreary time,  
Feeble and faint as moon's wan light.  
Struggling through broken clouds in vain,  
While to the hills the mist hangs gray;  
And northern gusts are on the plain,  
Where toils the traveller on his way

# 9—AN SGOBAIREACHD—SKIPPER'S SONG.

KEY F.

f: d ., t<sub>1</sub> : d ., d | d' : s ., l : s ., f | m . d : r ., m : f ., l | s  
 Bailaist 'chur 's na cruinn, Cha chuir innte taic dhuinn, Sibh a chur ri 'drum,  
 Sails beneath her passed Won't drive the vessel faster, Ballast on the mast

f: m ., d : m ., m | r . d : d ., t<sub>1</sub> : d ., d | d' : f ., m : f ., l | s  
 Cha chuir sgoinn 'n a h-astar; Stiùir 'chur os a cinn, Cha dean iùl do 'n luing  
 Could but bring dis-as-ter: Who could steer her by A helm against the sky?

f: l ., d' : t ., d' | s : t<sub>1</sub> ., d : m ., m | r . d : d ., t<sub>1</sub> : d ., r | m . f  
 'S pumpgun 'cheann 's an tacim Cha chuir sginn a mach dhith. Nach e 'ceum bhios glagach,  
 Who could keep her dry With the pumps around her? She would swing and flounder,

f: s ., f : m ., r | m . d : f ., d' : t ., l | s : d ., d : m ., m | r . d ||  
 Null 's a nail, 's a'ir tarsainn? Ceart cha seòl f dhuinn, 'S gleus gach buill às al - tan. ||  
 She would fill and founder, Tackle all a - wry Would quickly wreck or ground her.

Cha tearainteachd dhùinn  
 Toirt ar cùram seachad,  
 'G radh "Na abair dhèrd,  
 Tha 'n Insurance beairteach;"  
 'S iomadh aon 'bha 'n dùil  
 Nach robh meang 'n an cùis,  
 D' a thrìd 'chaill an cùrs',  
 Dh' easbhaidh diùdh us faicill,  
 'S riamh nach d' rànaig dhachaidh  
 'Dh' ionnsaidh seòlaid acair',  
 'S nach do shèilbhich stòr  
 Dheth na b' ùidh leo 'ghlacadh.  
 Ged robh sinn 's an luing,  
 Pàilt an luim 's an acfhuinn,  
 'S ged b' èòl dhuinn le cinnt,  
 Feum gach buill us beairte;  
 Cìod an stàth 'bhios dhuinn  
 Eòlas 'bhi 'n ar cinn  
 Air gach ball 'bhios innt',  
 Mur 'bi sinn 'g an cleachdadh?  
 Feumar còrd 's an acair',  
 'S 'cheann air bòrd 'bhi glaiste,  
 'S ris gach sruth us goith,  
 'N com-naid cruinn a leantainn.

Sad would be our plight,  
 If, with mad assurance,  
 We should caution slight,  
 And trust to the insurance.  
 Many a witless wight,  
 Sure that he was right,  
 Lost his bearings quite,  
 All from being heedless;  
 Thinking care was needless,  
 Land at last despaired of,  
 He was lost in night,  
 And never more was heard of.  
 What though we were packed  
 With plenty of equipment,  
 And knew what every tract  
 And tool about the ship meant!  
 Knowledge so exact  
 Might as well be lacked,  
 If we do not act.  
 The anchor to be able  
 To keep the vessel stable  
 Must have a proper cable,  
 The compass all compact  
 Must lie upon its table.

By JOHN MORRISON, Harris.

# 10—TUIREADH AN T-SUIRICH—THE WOOPER'S WAIL.

KEY E♭.

Lively.

Chorus—Cha teid mi - se tuil - le a sheall - tuiln na cruinn - eilg,  
 Cha teid mi - se tuil - le a sheall - tuiln na cruinn - eilg,  
 Nae mair will I sal - ly a cour - tin' of Mal - lie,  
 Nae mair will I sal - ly a cour - tin' of Mal - lie,

D.C.

Cha teid mi - se tuil - le air shuir - idh na gheann,  
 Cha dir - ich mi bruth - aich cha'n ur - rainn mi ann,  
 I'll gang to the val - ley a cour - tin' nae mair,  
 Nor gang to the val - ley— I'm trach - led ower sair.

Song—Nuair rinn mi mo bhrog - an gu snas - mhor a ghrobadh,  
 A sheall - tuiln na h-oigh - e tha thall - ad a chomhnuidh,  
 On my shoon I put batches of el - e - gant patches,  
 My heart it was wholly up - lift - ed and jol - ly,

D.S.

'S a ghluaif mi, cho ceol - mhor ri smeor - ach air chrann,  
 Cha chreid - inn ri m' bheo gu'r e ghor - aich a bh'ann.  
 And went sing - ing snatches of beau - ti - ful song;  
 Nor thought it was fol - ly that sent me a - long.

Bha m'fuintinn lan suigear nuair rainig mi'n uinneag,  
 'Smi cinnteach gun cumadh a chruinneag rium cainnt,  
 Nuair dh'fhosgail i'n duilleag 'sa theann mi ri furan,  
 'S ann thaom an truille an eumam m'am cheann.  
 Cha teid mise tuille, etc.

'S mar tuiginn an sanas sin stuig i na madaidh,  
 'Bha 'mathair sa h-athair a labhairt le sgraing,  
 Thuit ceo air mo leirsinn 'us m' anail gam threigsinn,  
 An rathad cha b'leir dhomh 'us leum mi' san staing.

'Smi fodha gu m' shuillean an cabar an duainn,  
 Mo bhrigis m'am ghluintean 'san cu oir an geall,  
 Bu mhiosa na'n corr leam 'bhi faicinn na h-oinsich,  
 Aig uinneag a seomair ri spors air mo chall.

Mar'phaig air an ullaid, 'si dh'fhag mi am churraidh,  
 Mo chaiseart 'san runnaich, 's mo thruibhas sa gheann,  
 'Smi 'n so as mo leine ag altrom mo chreachdan,  
 'San ionad nach leir dhomh am breid a chur teann.

'Toirt hoidean do Mhuire 'sa 'g eigheach gu duineil,  
 Ged gheibhinn an cruinne 'sa h-uile ni th' ann,  
 Nach teid mise tuille a cheilidh mo 'shuiridh,  
 'Snach fhaicear mo luideagan tuille 'sa gheann.

W! bosom high-swellin' I cam to her dwellin',  
 I kent she was willin' to list to my tale;  
 I startit a-showin' my love overflowin',  
 She stopp'd me by throwin' aboot me the pail.  
 Nae mair, &c.

And then to pursue me she set the dogs to me,  
 My eyesight got gloomy, I felt like a fool;  
 Her parents were flyin', the dogs were for bitin';  
 I fled, and fell right in a big dirty pool!

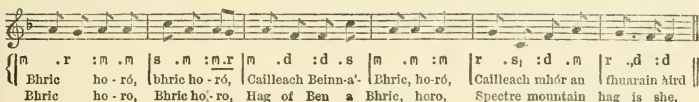
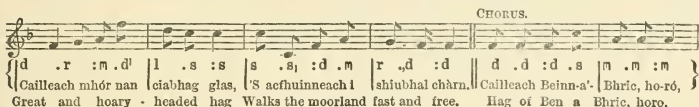
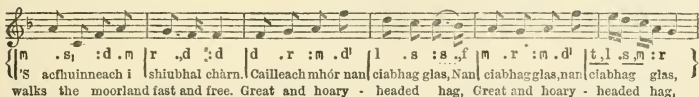
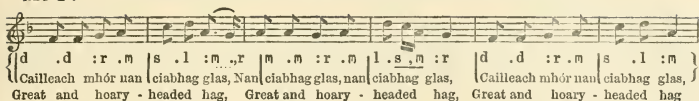
The water was stinkin' in which I was sinkin',  
 The big dog was thinkin' he'd noo get a bite,  
 But the thing maist annoyin' was to see her ongoin'  
 Lookin' oot and enjoyin' my terrible plight.

Bad luck to the wootin', it's been my undoin',  
 My breeks are a ruin, my bachelles are gone,  
 And here I'm endurin' and nursin' and curin'  
 My wounds, and securin' the bandages on!  
 I'm vowin' and frettin' and manfully bettin'  
 That tho' I were gettin' the world for my share,  
 Nae mair will I sally a-courtin' of Malle,  
 I'll show in the valley my duddies nae mair.

Author—"AM BARD LUIDEAGACH."

# 11—CAILLEACH BEINN A BHRIC—THE SPECTRE HAG.

KEY F.



Cailleach mhór nam mogan liath,  
Nam mogan liath, nam mogan liath;  
Cailleach mhór nam mogan liath,  
Cha 'n fhaca sinne 'leithid riabh.  
Cailleach Beinn-a'-Bhric, etc.

'De a thug thu'n diugh do'n bheinn,  
Diugh do'n bheinn, diugh do'n bheinn,  
'De a thug thu'n diugh do'n bheinn,  
Chum thu mi gu'n bheinn, gun sealg.

Bha thu thein 's do bhuidheann fhiadh,  
Do bhuidheann fhiadh, do bhuidheann fhiadh,  
Bha thu fein 's do bhuidheann fhiadh  
Air an traigh ud shìos an de.

▲ *Chailleach*—Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh  
Mo bhuidheann fhiadh, mo bhuidheann fhiadh  
Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh  
Dh' imlich slicean dubh an traigh.

Ochan! is i'n doirionn mhór  
An doirionn mhór, an doirionn mhór  
Ochan! is i'n doirionn mhór  
A chuir mis' an choill ud thall.

Cha'n iognadh mi bhi dubh, horo,  
Dubh horo, dubh horo,  
Cha'n iognadh mi bhi dubh, horo,  
H-uile fa a muigh, o h-i.

Cha'n iognadh mi bhi fliuch, fuar,  
Fliuch fuar, fliuch fuar,  
Cha'n iognadh mi bhi fliuch fuar,  
H-uile h-uair a muigh gu brath.

'Sann an sud tha bhuidheann fhiadh,  
Bhuidheann fhiadh, bhuidheann fhiadh,  
'Sann an sud tha bhuidheann fhiadh,  
Seachad an sliabh dubh ud thall.

Hag with great gray grisly paw,  
Grisly paw, grisly paw,  
Such a hag we never saw,  
Never, never did we see.

Hag of Ben-a Bhric, &c.

What has brought her to the hill,  
To the hill, to the hill?  
She has wrought me muckle ill,  
Kept her deer away from me.

She was with her flock of deer,  
Flock of deer, flock of deer,  
Yesterday she had her deer  
On the beach along the sea.

*The Hag*: I would not take my flock of deer,  
My flock of deer, my flock of deer,  
I would not take my flock of deer  
To lick black shells beside the sea.

Ochan! it was weary woe,  
Weary woe, weary woe,  
Ochan! it was weary woe  
Sent me to yon wood to dree!

No wonder I am black, horo,  
Black horo, black horo,  
No wonder I am black, horo,  
When I am always out, O hee.

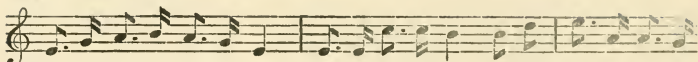
No wonder I am cold and wet,  
Cold and wet, cold and wet,  
No wonder I am cold and wet,  
When out for ever I must be.

But yonder is the flock of deer,  
Flock of deer, flock of deer,  
But yonder is the flock of deer,  
Beyond the mountain you may see.

Said to be composed by a hunter who met the hag.

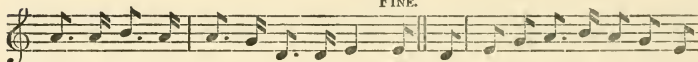
# 12—ORAN AN UACHDARAIN—SONG TO THE CHIEF.

KEY C.—With spirit.



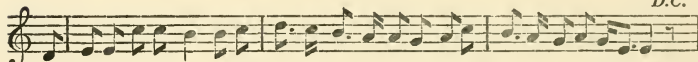
*Scid.* { m „s : l „t | l „s : m | m „m : d' „d' | t : t „r' | m' „l : l „s }  
*Cho.* { Faill ill ó ro, faill ill ó | Faill ill ó ro, eil - e, Hi ri - thil uithil }  
 Fal il ó ro, fal il ó Day around me spring - ing, Hee ri - hil ubil }

FINE.



{ l „l : t „l | l „s : r „r | m : m . || r | m „s : l „t | l „s : m . }  
 a - gun ó, 'S na thugaibh hóro eil - e. Gur mise tha trom airtneulach }  
 i - hil ó, No heart have I for sing - ing. At dawn I rise with weeping eyes, }

D.C.



{ „r | m „m : d' „d' | t : t „d' | r' „d' : t „l | l „s : l „d' | t „l : s . l | s „m . - | m . }  
 'S a mhadainn is mi 'g eiridh, Tha gaoth an ear a gobachadh, 's cha'n i mo thogairt fein i. }  
 No heart have I for singing; Around me shrill the breezes chill Of eastern winds are stinging. }

Tha gaoth an ear a' gobachadh,  
 'S cha'n i mo thogairt fhein i;  
 'S i gaoth an iar, a b' aite leinn,  
 A's lasan oirre 'g eiridh.  
 Faill ill, etc.

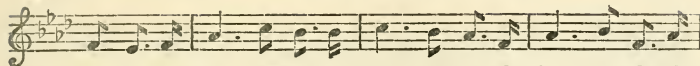
'Si gaoth an iar, a b' aite leinn  
 Is lasan oirre 'g eiridh  
 Gu'n tigeadh oirnn am bàta  
 D'am b' abhaist a bhi treubhach.  
 Gun tigeadh oirnn am bàta  
 D'am b' abhaist a bhi treubhach  
 Uachdaran na tir' oirre—  
 Mo dhìth ma dh' eireas beud da!  
 Uachdaran na tir' oirre—  
 Mo dhìth ma dh' eireas beud da!  
 Uachdaran na duthch' innte—  
 Gu bheil mo dhùrachd fein leis.  
 Uachdaran na duthch' innte  
 Gu bheil mo dhùrachd fein leis  
 Hi ri gu 'm b' ait leam fallain thu,  
 Ad chaisteal ann an Sléibhte!  
 Hi ri gu 'm b' ait leam fallain thu,  
 Ad chaisteal ann an Sléibhte  
 Far am bi na fìdhleirean,  
 'S na pìoban ann ga'n gleusadh.  
 Far am bi na fìdhleirean  
 'S na pìoban ann ga'n gleusadh  
 Ach 's mise tha trom airtneulach  
 'Sa mhadainn is mi 'g eiridh.

Around me shrill the breezes chill  
 Of eastern winds are stinging,  
 Oh, I would hail the western gale,  
 With blessings round it flinging.  
 Fal il óro, fal il ó, &c.  
 Yes, I would hail the western gale,  
 With blessings round it flinging,  
 Oh, that it brought the bonnie boat,  
 Light o'er the billows swinging.  
 Oh, that it brought the bonnie boat,  
 Light o'er the billows swinging,  
 And safe may float the bonnie boat,  
 Our gallant chieftain bringing.  
 Oh, safe may float the bonnie boat,  
 Our gallant chieftain bringing,  
 For our relief our country's chief,  
 To whom our hearts are clinging.  
 For our relief our country's chief,  
 To whom our hearts are clinging,  
 Oh would that he right gallantly  
 His way to Sleat were winging.  
 Oh, would that he right gallantly,  
 His way to Sleat were winging,  
 Where songs arise and harmonies,  
 With harp and pibroch ringing.  
 Where songs arise and harmonies,  
 With harps and pibroch ringing,  
 But now I rise with weeping eyes,  
 No heart have I for singing.

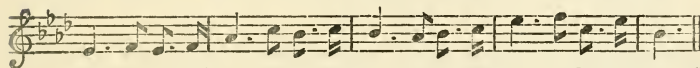


# 13—CUMHA DO H-UISDEIN MAC-AOIDH—LAMENT FOR HUGH MACKAY.

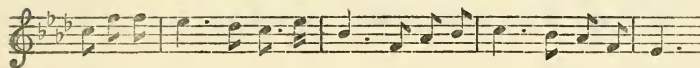
KEY A♭.



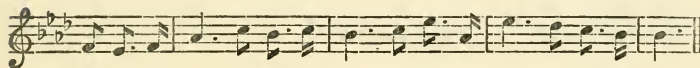
{ .l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> .,l<sub>1</sub> | d : -.m : r .,r | m : -.r : d .,l<sub>1</sub> | d : -.r : l<sub>1</sub> .,d }  
{ Nach cruaidh an guth so th'aig an t-sluagh, Bho'n deach thu luath 's adh'earh iad }  
Oh sad this voice of woe we hear, And gone our cheer and pleasan-



{ s<sub>1</sub> : -.l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> .,l<sub>1</sub> | d : -.m : r .,m | r : -.d : r .,m | s : -.l : m .,s | r : -. }  
{ riut; Tha ghaor cho cu - mant aig daoine' uaisl', Aig mnáibh, aig tuath, 's aig searbhann-tan; }  
try; One common grief, without re-lief, Has seiz'd on chief and peasantry;



{ .m : l .l | s : -.f : m .,s | r : -.l<sub>1</sub> : d .r | m : -.r : d .l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : -. }  
{ Cha'n eil bho'n Tòrr gu ruig an stòir, Aon duine beò, bho'ndh'fhalbh thu bhuaime, }  
In hut or hall, or merchant's stall, There's none at all speaks cheerfully;



{ .l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> .,l<sub>1</sub> | d : -.m : r .,m | r : -.m : s .,d | s : -.f : m .,r | r : -. }  
{ A's urrainn còmhraidh mu' na bhòrd, Ach tuirseach, brò - nach, marbhran-nach. }  
Since that sad day he went a-way, Naught can we say, but tearfully.

Cha'n ann mu'n callan codach fhéin,  
Tha'n sluagh gu léir cho càsmhorach,  
Ach aon 'thoirt bhuap' gun aon fhear-fuath.  
'S an robh gach buaidh cho fasmhorach.  
A phears' gu léir, a dhreach 's a chéill,  
Anns nach bu léir dhuinn failligeadh;  
Mach bho'n éug bhí 'cur 'an céill  
Nach eil gach cré ach bàsmhorach.

'S Bonmhor cridhe 'thuit a mhàn  
Mu'n cuairt, air là do thiodhlacaidh,  
'Eha 'g earbsadh ciunnteach ri do linn  
'Bhí suidhicht' 'an inninn shìorbheartaich  
Bha ioma ceud dhe d'fhine fhein  
A' deanamh féum mar ìomhaigh dhìot;  
Ach dhearbha am beum so dhuinn gu léir,  
Nach eil fo'n ghréin ach dìomhanas.

Go an duine thug ort bàrr  
Am breith, 'am pàirt, 's an ìonnasachadh?  
No co an t-aon a sheasas d'ait'  
Dhe'n th'air an cràdh ga d'ionndraichinn?  
Gach beag 'us mòr gach sean 'us òg,  
Le gal, 'us deòir ga'n ceannasachadh.  
Ge tric le bròn 'bhi tuisleach òirnn',  
Cha tig an còrr le aon duin' dheth.

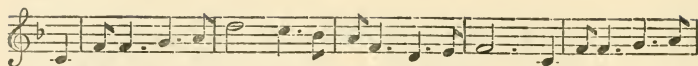
It is not private loss or woe  
That makes the blow so rigorous,  
But his sad fate whom none could hate,  
With mind so great and vigorous.  
For none could find, in heart or mind,  
A fault in kind or quality.  
Now he is not, though we forgot  
Our common lot, mortality.

Oh, many a man was filled with gloom  
That round thy tomb stood silently—  
Hearts that were buoyed with hopes—now void—  
By death destroyed so violently.  
By clansmen prized and idolised,  
His worth disguised humanity,  
But this fell blow, alas! will show  
There's nought below but vanity.

He was excelled by none on earth,  
Wit, wisdom, worth adorning him;  
And none can fill his place but ill  
Of those who will be mourning him.  
The hearts are wrung of old and young,  
The mourner's tongue is failing him,  
Oh, never more shall we deplore  
One man so sore bewailing him!

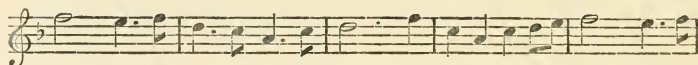
# 14—MO CHAILIN DILEAS DONN—MY FAITHFUL BROWN-HAIRED MAID.

KEY F.



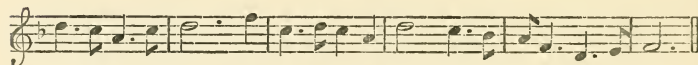
{ s, | d.d:- | r :-m | l :- | s :-f | m.d:- | l, :-t, | d:- | -:s, | d.d:- | r :-m }

Oh! happy may I see thee, my faithful brown-hair'd maid! My sweet light-hearted



{ d' :- | t :-d' | l :-s | m :-s | l :- | -:d' | s :m | s :l,t | d' :- | t :-d' }

la - dy, in flow - ing locks ar-rayed; Thy voice, like soothing mu - sic, has



{ l :-s | m :-s | l :- | -:d' | s :-l | s :m | l :- | s :-f | m.d:- | l, :-t, | d:- | - || }

oft my grief al-layed, Thy words dispelled the woes that up-on my spi - rit weighed.

Gur muladach a ta mi,  
'S mi nochd air aird a' chuain,  
'S neo-shunndach mo chadal domh,  
'S do chaidreamh fada uam;  
Gur tric mi ort a smaointeach;  
As d'aogais tha mi truagh;  
'S mar a dean mi d'fhaotainn  
Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan.

Suil chorrach mar an dearcag,  
Fo rosg a dh' iadhas dlu;  
Gruaidhean mar an caoran,  
Fo 'n aodann tha leam ciuin;  
Aidicheam le eibhneas  
Gun d' thug mi fein duit run;  
'S gur bliadhna leam gach la  
O'n uair a dh'fhag mi thu.

Theireadh iad ma 'n d' fhalbh mi nat,  
Gu 'n bu shearbh leam dol ad choir,  
Gu 'n do chuir mi cul riut,  
'S gun dhiult mi dhuit mo phog.  
Na cuireadh sid ort curam,  
A ruin, na creid an sgleo;  
Tha d'anail leam ni's cùbhraidh,  
Na'n driuchd air bharr an fheoir.

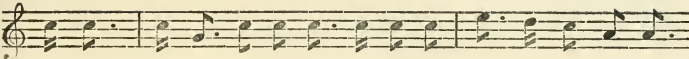
My lot this night is dreary  
Upon the surging deep,  
And comfortless my slumber  
When far from thee I sleep.  
But back to thee, my maiden,  
My restless thoughts shall sweep,  
And few shall be my years  
If without thee I must weep.

Like berries, 'neath their lashes  
Thine eyes are soft and clear;  
Like rowans, 'neath thy placid brow  
Thy glowing cheeks appear.  
Oh, gladly do I tell thee, love,  
That I have held thee dear,  
And since I had to part from thee,  
Each day has seemed a year.


What though they tell thee that I had  
Begun my choice to rue,  
That I forsook my maiden  
And from her kiss withdrew!  
Let not the story grieve thee;  
My love, it is not true:  
Thy fragrant breath is sweeter  
To me than morning dew.

# 15—H-UGAIBH! H-UGAIBH!—AT YOU! AT YOU!

KEY C.



{ d' : d' . — | d' , s . — : d' . d' | d' . , d' : d' . d' | m' . , r' : d' . l | l . , }  
 { H-ugaibh ! | h-ugaibh ! bo, bo, bo ! An doctair | Leodach 's biodag air, }  
 At you ! at you ! bo, bo, bo ! Take care what may become of you,



{ d' : m' . m' | m' . , r' : d' . d' | d' . , l : s . s | s . , f : m . , d | d } ||  
 Faicill oirbh 'santaobh sin thall, Nach toir e'n ceann a thiota dibh! ||  
 The doctor with his dirk may go, And take the head off some of you!

Biodag 's an deach' an gath-seirg  
 Air crios seilg an luidealaich ;  
 Bha seachd oirlich oirr' a mheirg,  
 Gur maing an rachadh bruideadh dhi.  
*H-ugaibh, &c.*

Bha thu na do bhasbair corr,  
 'S claidheamh-mor an taruinn ort,  
 An saighdear 's miosa th'aig righ Deors',  
 Chomhraigeadh e Alasdair.  
*H-ugaibh, &c.*

Claidheamh, agus sgabard dearg,  
 'S cearbach sud air amadan,  
 'Ghearradh amhaichean nan sgarbh,  
 A dh'fhagadh marbh gun anail iad.  
*H-ugaibh, &c.*

Gu'm biodh sud ort air do thaobh,  
 Claidheamh caol 'sa ghliogartaich ;  
 Cha'n 'eil falcag thig o'n traigh,  
 Nach cuir thu barr nan itean di.  
*H-ugaibh, &c.*

See on his belt, with rags and dust,  
 The dirk with all the rust of it ;  
 'Twould kill a man with sheer disgust,  
 If he should get a thrust of it.  
*At you ! &c.*

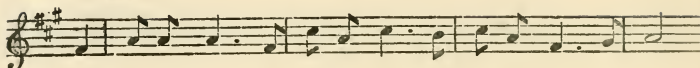
As fencer bold he used to swing  
 His sword, but made so small a stir,  
 The poorest soldier of the king  
 Would dare to fight with Allaster.  
*At you ! &c.*

Claymore and scabbard bright he vaunts  
 And clumsily he carries them ;  
 He chops the heads off cormorants  
 And hews and hacks and harries them.  
*At you ! &c.*

Brave at his side the sword must be  
 That he must clank and rattle with ;  
 And ne'er a bird can come from sea  
 But he will boldly battle with.  
*At you ! &c.*

# 16—BROSNAHADH-CATHA—ANCIENT WAR-SONG.

KEY A.—*Boldly.*



{ f, | d . d : d : - . l, | m . d : m : - . r | m . d : l, : - . t, | d : - }  
 { A | mhacain ceann, Nan cursa srann, Ard-leumnach dàn air magh, }  
 O high-born son, Let fame be won, Thy steeds for bat - tle prance,



{ f, | d . d : m : - . r | f . r : t, : - . r | f . f : s : - . t, | d : - ||  
 { Faigh buaidh 'san t-srì, Sgrìos sios gun dìth Ar naimhde, rìgh nan sleagh! ||  
 Oh, win renown, Our foes cut down, O king of spears, advance!

Lamh thein 's gach càs!  
 Crìdh' ard gun sgath!  
 Ceann airn nan roinn gear goirt!  
 Gearr sìos gu bàs,  
 Gun bhàrc sheol bhàn  
 Bhi snàmh mu dhùbh Innis-tora.

Mar thainceanach bhaoghal  
 Do bhuille, laoch,  
 Do shuil mar chaoir ad cheann,  
 Mar charraig chruinn  
 Do chridh' gun roinn,  
 Mar lasan dìch' do lann.

Cum suas do sgiath,  
 Is crobhaidh nial,  
 Mar chlach bho reul a bhàis.  
 A mhacain cheann,  
 Nan cursan srann,  
 Sgrìos naimhde sìos gu lar!

O arm of might!  
 Brave heart in fight!  
 With swords and lances keen,  
 O'er foes prevail,  
 Let no white sail  
 Round Innistore be seen.

Thy strokes shall clash,  
 Like thunder crash,  
 Like lightning flash thine eye,  
 Thy heart a rock,  
 In battle shock,  
 Thy blade a flame on high.

Thy target raise,  
 And let it blaze  
 Like death-star's baleful light,  
 O chief renowned,  
 Whose chargers bound,  
 Cut down our foes in fight!

Gaelic words very old, probably of the Ossianic era. Translation by L. MACBEAN. Music published here for the first time.

# 17—GOIRE-CHEATHAICH—THE MISTY DELL.

KEY. { .l : r .,M | r : d .l : r .,M | f : s .f : M .r | d : d .,r : d .l | d : - . }  
 F. { 'Se Coire- cheathaich nan aighean sìbhlach, An Coire rùmach is ùrar fonn,  
 My Misty Cor - rie, by deer fre - quent - ed, My lovely valley, my verdant dell,

{ .r : r .,M | r : d .l : r .,M | f : s .s : l .l | r : r .,r : l .l | s : - . }  
 { Gu Iurach miad-fheurach, mìn-gheal, sìghar, Gach lusan ùrar bu chùbhraidh leam;  
 Soft, rich and gras - sy, and sweetly scented, With every flow'r that I love so well;

{ .l : l .l | r : r .r : l .l | s : f .f : M .r | d : d .,r : d .l | d : - . }  
 { Gu molach, dùbh - ghorm, torrach, luisreagach, Corrach, plùranach, dlu-ghlan, Igrinn,  
 All thickly growing, and brightly blow - ing, Upon its shag - gy and dark green lawn,

{ .r : r .,M | r : d .l : r .,M | f : s .s : l .l | r : l : s : f .M | r : - ||  
 { Caoin, ballach, ditheanach, canach, misleanach; Gleann a mhilltich 's an lionmhor mang.  
 Moss, canach, daisies adorn its maz - es, Thro' which skips lightly the graceful fawn.

The mala gbrumach de'n bhiolair uaine,  
 Mu'n h-uile fuaran a th'anns an fhoonn;  
 Is doire shealbhadh aig bun nan garbh-chlach,  
 'S an grinneal gainnchich gu meanbh-gheal pronn;

'Na ghlugan plumbach air ghoil gun aon-teas,  
 Ach coileach bhàin tigh'n a grund eas lòn,  
 Gach sruthan ùiseal 'na chuallean cùl-ghorm,  
 A ruith 'na spùta 's 'na lùba steall.

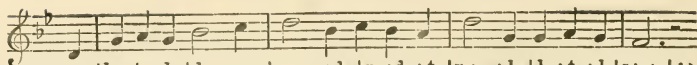
'S a mhaduinn chitìn-ghil, an am dhomh dhsgadh,  
 Aig bun na stuice b'e 'n sugradh leam;  
 A chearc le sgiucan a gabhail thachain,  
 'S an coileach cùrteil a dhàdail cròm;  
 An dreathan sùrdail 's a ribheid chitil aig  
 A cur nan smùid dheth gu làghor binn;  
 An druid 's an brù-dhearg le moran ùnich,  
 Rì ceileir sunntach bu shiubhlach rann.

The watercresses surround each fountain  
 With gloomy eyebrows of darkest green;  
 And groves of sorrel ascend the mountain,  
 Where loose white sand lies all soft and clean;  
 Thence bubbles boiling, yet coldly coiling,  
 The new-born stream from the darksome deep;  
 Clear, blue, and curling, and swiftly swirling,  
 It bends and bounds in its headlong leap.

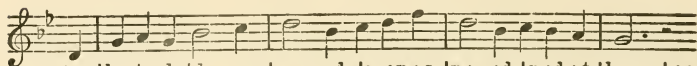
How sweet when dawn is around me gleaming.  
 Beneath the rock to recline, and hear  
 The joyous moor-hen so hoarsely screaming,  
 And gallant moorcock soft-croodling near!  
 The wren is bustling, and briskly whistling,  
 With mellow music a ceaseless strain;  
 The thrush is singing, the redbreast ringing  
 Its cheery notes in the glad refrain.

From the song by DUNCAN BAN M'INTYRE.

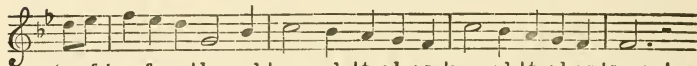
# 18—MAIRI BHAN OG—FAIR YOUNG MARY.



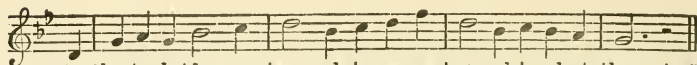
KEY B $\flat$ . { m<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : d : t<sub>1</sub> | m : - : l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : - | : }  
 (A | Mhairi bhan òg, 's tu'n òigh th'air m' aire Rì'm | bheo bhi far am bith'n'n | fhein;  
 Oh, rapture to be, my fair young Mary, With thee, my beauti - ful bride;



{ m<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : m : s | m : - : d | r : d : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - : - | : }  
 O'n fhuair mi ort còir cho mòr 's bu mhaith leam, Le pos - adh ceangailt' o'n chleir;  
 In love true and strong that ne'er shall vary, A bond the clergy have tied;



{ m<sub>1</sub> f | s : f : m | l<sub>1</sub> : - : d | r : - : d | t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | r : - : d | t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : - | : }  
 Le cumhnantann teann, 's le banntaibh daingean, Le anaom adh' fhanas 's nach treig,  
 This cov - e - nant sure, ap - proved by heaven, Secure shall ever a - bide,



{ m<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : m : s | m : - : d | r : d : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - : - | : ||  
 'Se t'fhaotalann air leimh le gradh gach caraid Rinn slàin - te maireann a'm chrè.  
 And since with good-will thy hand was given, I thrill with pleasure and pride,

Bheirinn mo phòg do'n òg mhnai shomalt'  
 A dh' fhàs gu boinneanta, caoin,  
 Gu mìleant, còmhnard, seocail, foinnidh,  
 Do chòimbradh gheibh mi gu saor:  
 Tha mi air sheòl gu leòir a'd' chomain  
 A' bhòid 's a chuir thu gu faoin  
 Do m' smaointean gòrach pròis nam boireannach,  
 'S còir dhomh fuireach le h-aon.

Chaidh mi do'n choill' an robh croinn is gallain,  
 Bu bhoisgeil sealladh mu'n cuairt,  
 'S bha miann mo shùl do dh' fhiuran barraicht  
 An dlùthas nam meanganan suas;  
 Geug fo bhlàth o bàrr gu talamh,  
 A lub mi farasda nuas,  
 Bu duilich do chàch gu bràch a gearradh  
 'S e'n dàn domh 'm faillean a bhuain.

My love to my bride, with dear caresses  
 And pride, shall ever be shown;  
 Each virtue most rare her soul possesses,  
 And fair and sweet has she grown.  
 My thoughts used to rove in boyish folly,  
 Ere ever her love I had known;  
 But, now I 'm her own, my heart is wholly  
 My darling's alone—alone.

Where woodlands are green with trees well  
 A scene of beauty to view, [nourished,  
 I found, with delight, one stem that flourished,  
 Of bright and beautiful hue:  
 That bough from above, desiring greatly,  
 With love unto me I drew;  
 None else could have moved that tree so stately,  
 'Twas only for me that it grew.

A song to his newly wedded spouse, by D. (Bàn) M'INTYRE; translation by L. MACBEAN. Other forms of this fine air will be found in *Sacred Songs of the Gael*, *The Thistle*, and Capt. FRASER'S Collection.



# 19—CHA TILL E TUILLE—LAMENT FOR MAC CRIMMON.

KEY: F. { r | l : - : s | l : - : r | l : t : l | s : m : r | l : - : s | l : - : m | s : m : d | m : r }

(Dh'fadh) ceo nan stue mu'eu - dann Chuilinn, Is sheinn 'bhean-shith a torman m'ulaid,  
O'er Coolin's face the night is creeping, The banahie's wall is round us sweeping;

{ m | l : - : s | l : - : r | r' : d' : t | l : r : m | s : - : l : s | m : - : d' | s : d : r | m : r }

{ Gorm } shuilean ciùin 's an Dùin a sìleadh, O'n thriall thu uainn 's nach till thu tuille!  
Blue eyes in Duin are dim with weeping, Since thou art gone and ne'er re - turnest.

{ d | s : - : d | l : - : d | s : - : m | r : d : d | d : - : r : d | d' : - : s | d' : - : l | l : s }

SEISD— { Cha } till, cha till, cha till Mac Crìomhainn, An cogadh no sìth cha till e tuille,  
CHORUS—No more, no more, no more returning, in peace nor in war is he returning;

{ s | s : - : l : t | d' : - : s | l : - : l | s : m : d | f : - : m : f | s : - : m | r : - : m | r : d }

{ Le } alrgìod no nì cha till Mac Crìomhainn, Cha till e gu brath gu la na cruinne.  
Till dawns the great Day of Doom and burning, Mac Crimmon is home no more returning.

The osag nam beann gu fann ag imeachd,  
Gach sruthan 's gach allt gu mall le bruthach,  
Tha ealtainn nan speur feadh geugan dubhach,  
A caoidh gu'n d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Tha'n fhairege fa dhèidh lan bròin is m'ulaid,  
Tha'm bàta fo sheol, ach dhiult i siubhal;  
Tha gairich nan tonn le fuaim neo-shubhach,  
Ag radh gun d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Cha chluinnear do cheol 's an Dun mu fheasgar,  
'S mac-talla nam mur le m'hirn 'ga fhreagairt,  
Gach fleasgach is dhìgh gun cheòl, gun bheadradh,  
O'n thriall thu uainn 's nach till thu tuille.

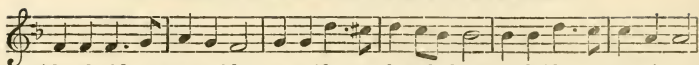
The breeze of the bens is gently blowing,  
The brooks in the glens are softly flowing;  
Where boughs their darkest shades are throwing,  
Birds mourn for thee who ne'er returnest.

Its dirges of woe the sea is sighing,  
The boat under sail unmoved is lying;  
The voice of the waves in sadness dying,  
Say, thou art away and ne'er returnest.

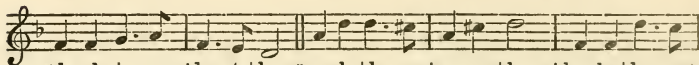
We'll see no more Mac Crimmon's returning,  
Nor in peace nor in war is he returning;  
Till dawns the great day of woe and burning,  
For him, for him there's no returning.

Composed on the departure of DONALD MAC CRIMMON, piper to the Laird of MAC LEOD, in 1745. He never returned. The verses were composed by his sister; translation by L. MACBEAN. This beautiful set of the melody appears, with harmony and accompaniment, in *The Thistle*.

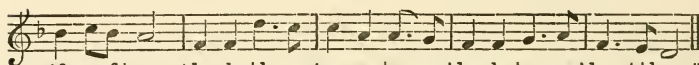
# 20—OISEAN IS MALMHINE—OSSIAN AND MALVINA.



KEY F. { d : d | d :-r | m : r | d :- | r : r | l :-se | l : s.f | f :- | f : f | l :-s | s : m | m :- }  
 'Se guth ciùin mo rùin a th' ann, 'S ainmic thu gu m'aisling fein; Fosglaihb sibhs' bhuir talla thall,  
 'Tis my lover's tones that call, In my dreams they seldom rise; O - pen wide your azure hall,



{ d : d | r :-m | d :-t, | l, :- || m : l | l :-se | m : se | l :- | d : d | l :-s }  
 Shinnse Thoscailr, nan ard speur. 'Se do chomhnuidh-s' m'anam fein, A shil Oiscin,  
 Race of Tos - car in the skies. Thou dost dwell within my soul, Son of Ossian,



{ f : s.f | m :- | d : d | l :-s | s : m | m :-r | d : d | r :-m | d :-t, | l, :- }  
 's treine laimh, Eiridh m' osnadh moch gun fheum, Mo dheoir mar shileadh speuran àrd.  
 might - y chief; Like heaven's rain my tears down roll, Every morn renews my grief.

Bu chrann aillidh mi, threine nan seod,  
 Oscailr chorr, le geugaibh cùbhr';  
 Thainig bàs mar ghaoth nan torr;  
 Thuit fo sgeith mo cheann fo smùr.  
 Thainig earrach caoin fo bhraon,  
 Cha d'eirich duilleag fhaoine dhuinn fein;  
 Chunnaidh oigh mi fo shamhchair thall,  
 Bhuail iad clarsaiche mall nan teud.

## OISEAN:

Caoine am fonn 'na mo chluais fein,  
 Nighean Latha, nan sruth fiar,  
 'N cuail thu guth nach 'eil beo 's a bheinn  
 An aisling, ann do chodail ciar?  
 Nuair thuit cìos air do shuilibh mall  
 Air bruachan Mòrshruth nan toirm beur',  
 Nuair thearnadh leat o sheilg nan càrn,  
 An latha ciùin, ard ghrian 's an speur.

Chual tu 'n sin bàrda nam fonn,  
 'S taitneach ach is trom do ghuth;  
 'S taitneach, Mhalmhine nan sonn,  
 Leaghaidh bròn an bochd anam dubh.  
 Tha aobhneas ann am bron le sìth  
 Nuair shuidhicheas àrd strì a bhròin;  
 Caithidh cumha tursaich gun bhrìgh  
 Gann an lài' an tìr nan seòd.

I was once a stately tree,  
 My fair boughs were Osear's pride,  
 But his death soon blighted me,  
 And my blossoms drooped and died.  
 Spring returned with flower and leaf,  
 But no leaf on me was found;  
 Virgins saw, my silent grief,  
 Struck the harp of softest sound.

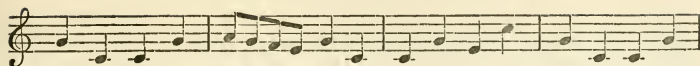
## OSSIAN:

Sweet the music in my ears,  
 Maid from Latha's winding streams,  
 Has the voice of other years  
 Sounded fondly in thy dreams?  
 When, descending from the chase,  
 Thou by Moru's banks didst lie,  
 Clapsed in slumber's soft embrace,  
 'Neath the calm and sultry sky—

Melodies all faint and low,  
 O Malvina, round thee stole;  
 Sweet but sad thy tones, and oh!  
 Sorrow melts the weary soul.  
 There is joy in peaceful woe  
 When subsideth sorrow's strife;  
 Idle tears should cease to flow,  
 Grief consumes the mourner's life.

Lines selected from the introduction to Ossian's poem of "Croma," and translation by L. MACBETH. This beautiful Ossianic air is preserved in Capt. FRASER'S collection.

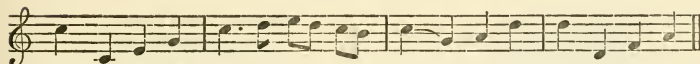
# 21—AM BUAIREADH—THE TEMPTATION.



KEY: C. { s : d | d : s | l.s : f.m | s : d | d : s | m : d' | s : d | d : s }  
 Thug mi mionnan mbr', (S còir an cumail daingean), Fuireach fad mo  
 I have vowed a vow, Sworn an oath most drastic, That I shall from



{ l.s : f.m | f : r | r : m | f : l || d' : -.r' | d' : s | m.f : s.m | d' : -.r' }  
 bheò Mar bu chòir do mhanach. || Falaich uam do ghnùis, ciurrar  
 now Live a life mon - as - tic. Then oh, hide thy face, Turn a-



{ d' : d | m : s | d' : -.r' | m'.r' : d'.t | d' : s | l : r' | r' : r | f : l ||  
 mi le dealan, Ead - ar gath do shùl 'S lubag - an na lannir. ||  
 way the lightning of thy dazz - ling grace, And thy glances bright'ning.

Ni do mbala dhonn  
 (Crom mar bhogha-saighead)  
 Guin a chur am chom  
 Ceart cho trom ri claidheamh.  
 Tha do bhilean blath  
 Tàladh a chum meallaidh;  
 Dhuraiginn—ach, á!  
 Cum iad as mo shealladh.

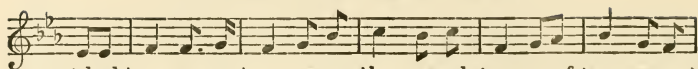
Fuirich, fuirich thall,  
 Mu'n tog clann dhe t'anail;  
 Iomairt ann am cheann  
 Bheir fo gheall mi baileach.  
 Cuiridh tu le d' bhoidhch',  
 Mionnan mor as m' aire;  
 Mur a fan thu fòil  
 Gòisnichidh tu manach.

Lest thy bending brows  
 Pierce my soul, and slay more  
 Quickly than bent bows  
 Or a shining claymore;  
 Lest thy warm lips draw  
 My heart to sweets forbidden;—  
 I could wish—but, ah!  
 Keep, oh, keep them hidden.

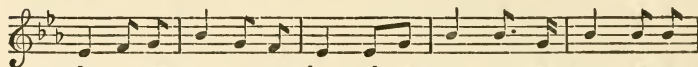
Keep thy breath away,  
 Its fragrance round me stealing  
 Sends my thoughts astray,  
 And sets my brain a reeling.  
 I am so beset  
 With thy witching beauty,  
 That I may forget  
 Vows and sacred duty.

Song by "Kagar;"

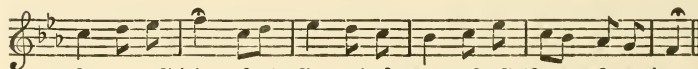
# 22—EALAIH GHAOIL—A MELODY OF LOVE.



KEY ED. f: d . d | r : r . m | r : m . s | l : s . l | r : m . f | s : m . r }  
 SEISD—Air faill - ir - in, ill - ir - in, uill - ir - in, O, Air faill - ir - in, }  
 CHORUS—Air fal - yir - in, eel - yir - in, ool - yir - in, O, Air fal - yir - in, }



{ d : r . m | s : m . r | d : d . m | s : s . m | s : s . s }  
 uill - ir - in, uill - ir - in, O, Air faill - ir - in, ill - ir - in, }  
 eel - yir - in, ool - yir - in, O, Air fal - yir - in, eel - yir - in, }



{ l : t . d' | r' : l . t | d' : t . l | s : l . d' | l . s : f . m | r ||  
 uill - ir - in, O, Gur boldheach an comunn tha comhnuidh'n Strath-mor.  
 ool - yir - in, O, For kingdom and friendship and bon - nie Strathmore.

Gur gile mo leannan  
 Na'n eal' air an t-snamh,  
 Na cobhar na tuinne,  
 'S e tilleadh gu traigh,  
 Na'm blath bhainne buaile,  
 'S a chuach leis fo bharr,  
 No sneachd nan gleann dosrach  
 'G a fhroiseadh mu'n bhlar.

Mar na neoil bhuidhe lubas  
 Air stuchdaibh nan sliabh,  
 Tha cas-fhalt mo ruin-sa  
 Gu siubhlach a sniomh;  
 Tha gruaidh mar an ros  
 Nuair a's boidheche bhios fhiamh  
 Fo ur-dhealt a Cheitein  
 Mu'n eirich a ghrian.

Nuair thig samhradh nan neoinean  
 A comhdach nam bruach,  
 Bi'dh gach coinean 's a chrochd-choill'  
 A ceol leis a chuaich;  
 'S bi'dh mise gu h-eibhinn  
 A leumnaich 's a ruaig,  
 Fo dhluth-gheugaibh sgailleach,  
 A manran ri m' luaidh.

Not the swan on the lake,  
 Or the foam on the shore,  
 Can compare with the charms  
 Of the maid I adore;  
 Not so white is the new milk  
 That flows o'er the pail,  
 Or the snow that is shower'd  
 From the brow of the vale.

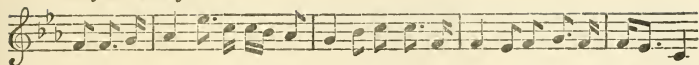
As the cloud's yellow wreath  
 On the mountain's high brow,  
 So the locks of my fair one  
 Redundantly flow;  
 Her cheeks have the tint  
 That the roses display  
 When they glitter with dew  
 In the morning of May.

When summer bespangles  
 The landscape with flowers,  
 And the thrush and the cuckoo  
 Sing soft in their bowers,  
 Through the wood-shaded windings  
 With Bella I'll rove,  
 And feast unrestrained  
 On the smiles of my love.

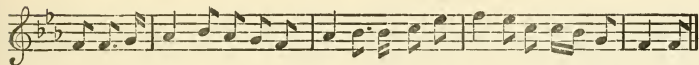
The first verse of the Gaelic words is the composition of Mrs MACKENZIE of Balone. The rest, Gaelic and English, is by EWEN MACLACHLAN.

# 23—FEAR A BHATA—THE BOATMAN.

*Slowly and tenderly.*



KEY E $\flat$ . { (r) : r , m | f : d' . l : l , s . f | m : s . (l) : l . r | r : d . r : m . r | r , d . - : l , }  
 'S tric mi | sealltuinn o'n chnoc a's | air - de, Dh'fheuch am faic mi fear a | bhà - ta, }  
 I climb the mountains, and scan the o - cean For thee, my boatman, with fond de - vo - tion,  
*Seid.*—Fhir a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le, Fhir a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le,  
*Chorus.*—O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la, O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la,



{ (r) : r , m | f : s . f : m . r | f : s . , (s) : l . d' | r' : d' . l : l , s . m | r : r . }  
 {An tig thu'n diugh no an tig thu, maireach? 'S mur tig thu! i - dir gur truagh a, ta mi!  
 When shall I see thee? to-day? to - morrow? Oh! do not leave me in lone - ly sorrow.  
 Fhir a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le, Gu ma slan duit's gach ait' an teid thu!  
 O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la, Happy be thou where'er thou sailest!

Tha mo chridhe-sa briste, brùite;  
 'S tric na deoir a ruith o m' shùilean;  
 An tig thu nochd, no 'm bi mo dhùil riut?  
 No 'n dùin mi 'n dorus, le osna thursaich?

'S tric mi foighneachd de luchd nam bàta,  
 Am fac iad thu, no 'm bheil thu sàbhailt;  
 Ach 's ann a tha gach aon diubh 'g ràite,  
 Gur gòrach mi, ma thug mi gràdh dhuit.

Gheall mo leannan domh gun dhe 'n t-sìoda,  
 Gheall e sìod agus breacan riomhach;  
 Fainn' òir anns am faicinn lomhaigh;  
 Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e dì-chuimhn'.

Ged a thuir iad gu'n robh thu aotrom,  
 Cha do lughadaich sìod mo ghaol ort;  
 Bi'dh tu 'm aisling anns an òidheche,  
 Is anns a mhaduinn bi'dh mi 'g ad fhoighneachd.

Thug mi gaol duit 's cha 'n fhaod mi àicheadh;  
 Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol ràidhe;  
 Ach gaol a thòisich nuair bha mi 'm phàisde,  
 'S nach searg a chaoidh, gun an claidh am bàs mi.

Tha mo chàirdean gu tric ag innseadh,  
 Gu'm feum mi t'aogas a chur air dì-chuimhn';  
 Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho diomhain,  
 'S bhi pillleadh mara 's i tabhairt lionaidh.

Bi'dh mi tuille gu tùrsach, deurach,  
 Mar eala bhàn 's i an deigh a reubadh;  
 Guileag bàis aic' air lochan feurach,  
 Is cach uile an deigh a tréigsiun.

Broken-hearted I droop and languish,  
 And frequent tears show my bosom's anguish;  
 Shall I expect thee to-night to cheer me?  
 Or close the door, sighing sad and weary?

From passing boatmen I'd fain discover  
 If they have heard of, or seen my lover;  
 They never tell me—I'm only chided,  
 And told my heart has been sore misguided.

My lover promised to bring his lady  
 A silken gown and a tartan plaidie,  
 A ring of gold which would show his semblance,  
 But, ah! I fear me for his remembrance.

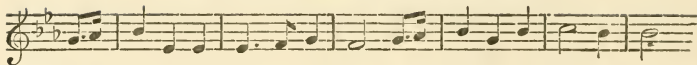
That thou'rt a rover my friends have told me,  
 But not the less to my heart I hold thee;  
 And every night in my dreams I see thee,  
 And still at dawn will the vision flee me.

I may not hide it—my heart's devotion  
 Is not a season's brief emotion;  
 Thy love in childhood began to seize me,  
 And ne'er shall fade until death release me.

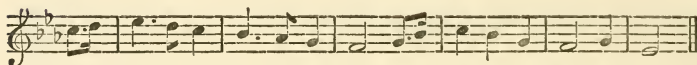
My friends oft tell me that I must sever  
 All thought of thee from my heart for ever;  
 Their words are idle—my passion's swelling,  
 Untamed as ocean, can brook no quelling.

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing,  
 Like wounded swan when her strength is failing,  
 Her notes of anguish the lake awaken,  
 By all her comrades at last forsaken.

# 24—AN GAOL TAIRIS—THE FAITHFUL LOVE.



KEY E<sup>b</sup>. {  $\underline{\underline{f}}$  | s : d : d | d : - . r : m | r : - :  $\underline{\underline{f}}$  | s : m : s | l : - : s | s : - }  
 O! bhunaich sinn tairis 'n ar gaol, Fad bhliadhna bu chaochlach cuairt;  
 Our love has been constant and bright, Nor changed with the changeful years;



{  $\underline{\underline{f}}$  | t | d' : - . t : l | s : - . f : m | r : - :  $\underline{\underline{f}}$  | l : s : m | r : - : m | d : - ||  
 A sealbhadh aoihneis a cheil' 'S a measgnadh ar deur 's ar smuairn.  
 Each glad in the oth - er's delight, And mixing our cares and tears.

'S nuair dh' fhair'inn-sa mulad no beud  
 Ghrad thigeadh o'd bheul dhomh fòir,  
 Oir dh' iompaicheadh d'fhailte gun phleid  
 Gach duibhre gu leus thra-nòin.

'S tric aighear 'us subhachas daond'  
 A tionndaidh gu aoigh a bhròin,  
 Mar thuirlingeas duilleach nan craobh  
 A's t-fhoghar, 's an raon fo chòd.

Ge minic a dh'fhiosraich sinn daor  
 A mhalairt so, ghaoil, fo leòn,  
 Gur h-eòl dhuinn le cheil' air gach taobh  
 A h-aon nach d'rinn aom o'n nòs.

O! bhunaich sinn tairis 'nar gaol  
 Fad bhliadhna bu chaochlach cuairt,  
 A sealbhadh aoihneis a cheil'  
 'S a measgnadh ar deur 's ar smuairn.

Is caidreamaid dochas gun géill  
 Na shiubhail d' ar ré do'n chòrr;  
 Co-phàirticheams' acain do chleibh  
 'Us gabh-s' air m' uil' eibhneis còir.

Had I ever a trouble or grief  
 But your help and caresses came soon?  
 Your kindness still brought me relief,  
 And changed all my darkness to noon.

Earth's rosiest pleasures one sees  
 Oft turn to the pallor of pain,  
 As when autumn dismantles the trees,  
 And makes barren and bleak the plain.

Our joys into griefs thus to run,  
 My darling, too often we knew;  
 But each of us still knew of one  
 That was always found tender and true.

Our love has been constant and bright,  
 Nor changed with the changeful years,  
 Each glad in the other's delight,  
 Aye mixing our troubles and tears.

Then, dear, let us hope the worst part  
 Of our life is the part that is flown;  
 Let me share all the woes of your heart,  
 And make all my gladness your own.



# 25—CUMHA MHIC-AN-TOISICH—MACKINTOSH LAMENT.

KEY B $\flat$  { m : - : r | m : - : - | m : - : r | d : - : - | r : - : r | m : - : - | r : - : d | l : - : - }

Och nan och! leag iad thu, Och nan och! leag iad thu,  
Och nan och! thou art low, Och nan och! tale of woe,

S { d : - : l | d : - : r | d : - : l | s : - : l | d | r : - : d | r | m : - : m | r : - : - | d : - : - }

Och nan och! leag iad thu, 'M beal ach a ghar - aith;  
Leag an t-each barr - fhionn thu, 'M beal ach a ghar - aith.  
Sad thy fate, laid so low, Laid where they slew thee;  
'Twas thy proud charg - er's force Mad - ly that threw thee.

D.S.

{ m : - : r | m | s : - : m | m : - : r | d | d : - : - | r : - : d | r | m : - : r | d | r : - : d | l | l : - : - }

Leag an t-each barr - fhionn thu, Leag an t-each barr - fhionn thu,  
'Twas thy wild war - like horse, In his fierce fier - y course,

Is mise 'bhean mhuladach,  
'Giulan na curraice,  
O'n chuala gach duine,  
Gur ann 'na mhullach bha 'm fabhar.  
'S i maighdeann ro dhubbach,  
Nach fhainichear tuilleadh mi,  
O'n taca so 'n-uiridh,  
O'n la chuireadh am fainn' orm.  
'S mis' tha gu tursach,  
'S tric snidh air mo shuilean,  
'S mi 'g ionndrainn an fhiurain,  
Marcaich ùr 'nan steud aluinn.  
Cha teid mi gu bainnis,  
Gu feill no gu faidhir,  
Gur ann toiseach an earraich,  
Fhuair mi 'n t-saighead a chraidh mi!

Marcaich' an eich leumnaich dhuibh!  
Leumnaich dhuibh! leumnaich dhuibh!  
Marcaich' an eich leumnaich dhuibh!  
Reub an t-each bàn thu!  
Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!  
Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!  
Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!  
Gu'n fhios domh 's mi lamh riut!

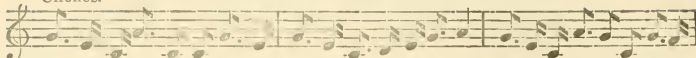
Wearing my widow's dress  
While these griefs round me press,  
Mourning in deep distress,  
Sadly I linger.  
Oh, but my heart is wae!  
Oh, how unlike the day  
When first this circle lay  
Fair on my finger!  
Under my widow's weeds,  
Oh, how my bosom bleeds,  
Rider of gallant steeds,  
Weeping, I mourn thee:  
Ne'er shall my heavy heart  
Have in earth's joys a part;  
Death, with his fatal dart,  
Sorely hath torn me.

On thy black bounding steed,  
Riding with eager speed,  
Slain by the milk-white steed,  
Where it had thrown thee,  
Oh, my young darling Hugh,  
Slain e'er I ever knew;  
Dead! oh, my dearest Hugh,  
I must bemoan thee!

Composed by the bride-widow of EVAN or HUGH, Chief of MACKINTOSH, who was killed on his marriage day.  
Translation by L. M. Good settings of this melody are given in LOGAN'S Collection, and Professor BROWN'S  
"The Thistle."

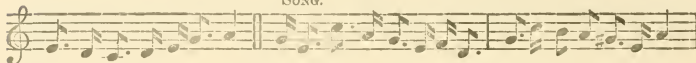
# 26—AM FOIRNEADH—THE MOTHER'S EXHORTATION.

## CHORUS.

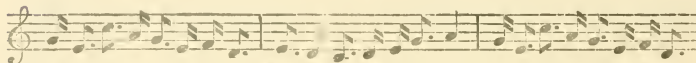


KEY C. { s .m : d , l .- | d .d : s .m | s .m : d , r | m , s .- : l | s .m : d , l .- | s .d : s .f }  
 Iseabail nach gabh thu furas? Iseabail nach dean thu tamh? Iseabail gu bheil thu giorach )  
 Bella, will you not be quiet? Bella, why in such a whirl? If you do not marry Donald,

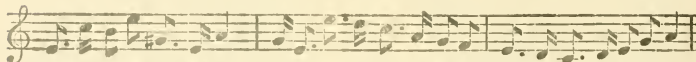
## SONG.



{ m .r : d , r | m , s .- : l | s .m .- : d , l | s .m : f , r .- | s .d : t . l | s e .m : l }  
 Mur a pos thu Donull Bàna. Geda thainig e gu laithibh Tha e laidir reachdor alan,  
 Bella, you're a silly girl. You'll be happy yet together; Tho' he's old, he's stout and kind;



{ s .m .- : d , l | s .m : f , r .- | m .r : d , r | m , s .- : l | s .m .- : d , l | s .m : f , r .- }  
 Na biodh iom'gain ort a b-alach, B' tu'd nuathair na gabh agath. 'S math do bhord a bhi gun ghainne,  
 You a smiling wife and mother, He a husband to your mind. Better take him, rich and mellow,



{ m .d : t . m | s e .m : l | s .m .- : m , r | d , l : s .f | m .r : d , r | m .s : l }  
 'S pailteas bainne aig do bhà, 'Seach bhi'n talce giullain shuarach, 'S e gun bhuaille aig no bharr.  
 And have wealth and cattle now, Than take some poor worthless fellow, Who has neither corn nor cow.

Gheibh thu deiseachan is riomhadh,  
 Cha bhi d'fhàid ort, theid mi'n rath,  
 'S fear duit sin na'n aice, is briodal  
 Iain chrim a Dail-a-chhis.  
 Tog dhe d' ionasirt feadh an tìge,  
 Cha'n' eil math dhuit a bhi bàth;  
 Glac an glaoac, 's glac an stòras  
 Tha cho deonach teachd s'd dhaill.

Iseabail, mur gabh tìre 'n tairgse  
 Fu' na feargach stut gu brath,  
 Mur a cord thu nochd ri Donull  
 Gabh mu d' chaisneat t'ò an la.  
 Grasa, gabh comhairle, 's cuir umad,  
 Bidh an duine so gun dail,  
 Nach biodh aileag ann do mhuineal  
 Nuair a chaisneas e ort falld.

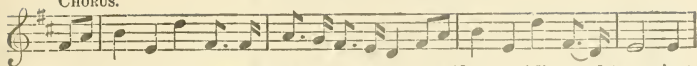
You'll get jewelry and dresses,  
 And you'll never want for cash;  
 Better that than mere caresses  
 From wee John of Dalachash.  
 What's the good of being saucy?  
 Stop your fussing through the house;  
 Take the wealth that offers, lassie,  
 And be thrifty, wise, and crouse.

Bella, you will cause me sorrow  
 If your chances you abuse;  
 You may leave the house to-morrow  
 If old Donald you refuse.  
 Quick and dress, and show your graces;  
 There, your man is coming, Miss;  
 Now, don't you be making faces  
 When he greets you with a kiss.

Sung by J. MURDO.

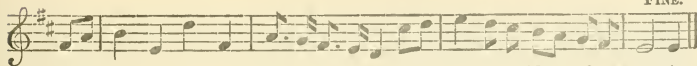
# 27—O THEID SINN—AWAY, AWAY.

## CHORUS.



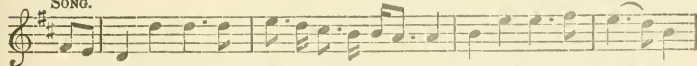
KEY D. { f: m . s | l : r | d' : m . m | s . f : m . r | d : m . s | l : r | d' : m . d | r : - | r }  
 O | theid sinn, theid sinn | le sulgeart agus aoidh, O | theid sinn, theid sinn | dedn - ach  
 A - way, a - way with a merry, merry lay, With song and heart - y chor - us,

## FINE.



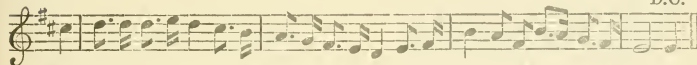
{ m . s | l : r | d' : m | s . f : m . r | d : t . d' | r' : d' . t | l . s : f . m | r : - | r }  
 O | theid sinn, theid sinn | thairis air an t-Sruidh, Gu | muinntir ar daimh us ar | n-eòl - as.  
 We'll cross the Forth, and rivers of the north, A - way to the land that bore us.

## SONG.



{ m . r | d : d' | d' : - . d' | r' . d' : t . l | l . s . - : s | l : r' | r' : - . m' | r' : - . d' | l }  
 Ged | bha sinn bliadhn - tan | fa - da fa - da bhuath, Am | Bai - le Chluaidh a | còmh - nuidh,  
 Though we may roam far from our Highland home, Where Clyde's brown flood is swell - ing,

## D.C.



{ f : t | d' . d' : d' . r' | d' : t . l | s . f : m . r | d : r . m | l : s . m | l . s : f . m | r : - | r }  
 Car | tamul beag gun treig sinn ar | gairm 'ns gun teid sinn, A | dh' fhaotainn an graidh 'us an | eòmhraidh.  
 We'll seek our native vales, And we'll hear the Highland tales, That the friends of our childhood are telling.

'Us chi sinn an caol, air 'm faca sinn, le gaoith,

Na bataichean aotrom seoladh;

'Us chi sinn na beanntan a gleidheadh sneachd 's  
 an t-samhraidh,

'Us chi sinn na h-aimhnichean boidheach.

O theid sinn, &c.

'Us chi sinn na glinn, mu'n ait 's an d'rugadh sinn

'S am bitheadh sinn aotrom gorach;

'Us chi sinn na coilltean, le aighear is toil-inntinn

'S am bitheadh sinn a cluinntinn an smeorach.

O theid sinn, &c.

Again we'll view the places that we knew—

The bay with boats in motion,

The mountains all sublime with their snow in  
 summer time,

And rivers rolling down to the ocean.

Away, &c.

We'll see each ben, and bonnie, bonnie glen,

And wander through the wild wood,

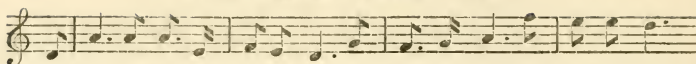
Where the thrush on leafy spray warbles all the  
 live-long day,

Where we used to play in childhood.

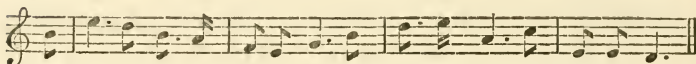
Away, &c.

Gaelic words by the late JOHN MUNRO, Glasgow.

# 28—LINN AN AIGH—THE HAPPY AGE.



KEY. f. r | l : - . l : l . m | f . m : r : - . s | f . s : l : - . f' | m' . m' : r' : - . }  
 C. An uair bha Gàilig aig na h-eòin Bha'm balnne air an lòn mar dhrùchd }  
 When all the birds in Gaelic sang Milk lay like dew up - on the lea;



{ . t | m' : - . r' : t . l | f . m : s : - . t | r' . m' : l : - . d' | m . m : r : - . ||  
 A mhlil a' fàs air bàrr an fhraoich, A h-uile nl cho saor 's am bùrn.  
 The heath - er in - to honey sprang, And everything was good and free.

Cha robh daoin' a' paidheadh màil;  
 Orra cha robh càin no cìs—  
 Iasgach, sealgach agus coill  
 Gun fhoighneachd aca 'us gun phrls.

Cha robh cogadh, cha robh còmhstri;  
 Cha robh cònsachadh no streup ann;  
 H-uile h-aon a' gabhail còmhnuidh  
 Anns an t-seòl 'bu deòin leis fhéin e.

Cha robh guth air crìch no tòir;  
 Bha gach dùil 'tigh'n'n beò an sìth;  
 Feum 's am bith cha robh air mòd,  
 'Us lagh na còrach air a' chridh'.

Dh'òr no dh'airgid cha robh miagh;  
 Sògh 'us fialachd air gach làimh;  
 Cha d' fhiosraich bochduinn duine riamh,  
 Nì 's mòd a dh' iarr neach riamh cuid chàich.

Bha caoimhneas, comunn, iochd 'us gràdh  
 Anns gach àit am measg an t-sluaigh,  
 Eadar far an d' éirich grian  
 'Us far an laidh i nìar 's a chuain,

An uair bha Gàilig aig na h-eòin.

No tax or tribute used to fall  
 On honest men, nor any rent;  
 To hunt and fish was free to all,  
 And timber without price or stent.

There was no discord, war or strife,  
 For none were wronged and none oppressed;  
 But every one just led the life  
 And did the things that pleased him best

All lived in peace, there was no sort  
 Of prey or plunder, feud or fight;  
 There was no need for any court—  
 Their hearts contained the law of right.

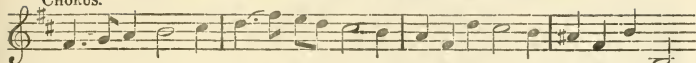
For gold or silver no one cared,  
 Yet want and woe were never near;  
 All had enough, and richly fared,  
 And none desired his neighbour's gear.

Love, pity, and good-will were spread  
 Among the people everywhere,  
 From where the morning rises red  
 To where the evening shineth fair,

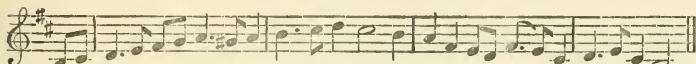
When all the birds in Gaelic sang.

# 29—CUIR A CHION DILIS—FAIREST AND DEAREST.

CHORUS.

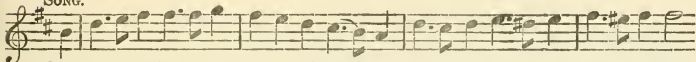


KEY D. { M :- f : s | l :- : t | d' :- m' : r' d' | t :- : l | s : m : d' | t :- : l | s e : m : l | l, :- }  
Cuir, a chion di - lis, di - lis, di - lis, Cuir, a chion di - lis, tharam do lamh;  
Sweetest and dear - est, fair - est, dear - est, Take me, my dar - ling, now in thine arms;

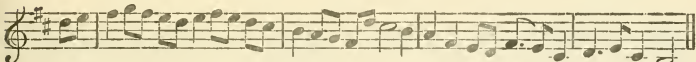


{ l, t, | d :- r : m f | s :- f e : s | l :- t : d' | t :- : l | s : m : r d | m :- r : t, | d :- r : t, | l, :- ||  
Do ghorm shuill thairis a mhealladh nam mill-tean, B'amaideach mi 'nuair thug midhuit gradh.  
Thy red lips are smiling, thy blue eyes beguiling; Would that I ne'er had gazed on thy charms.

SONG.



{ l | d' :- r' : m' | m' :- m' : f' | m' : r' : d' | t :- : l : s | d' :- t : d' | r' :- d e' : r' | m' :- r e' : m' | m' :- }  
Rinn deisead do phearsa nach fhacas a thuairmeas, 'Giomachd fo'n chuach-chultha canagach tìà,  
Thy beauty and brightness and lightness in going Under the bon-nie brown waves of thy hair,



{ d' : r' | m' : f' : m' : r' d' | r' : m' : r' d' t | l : s : f : m d' | t :- : l | s : m : r d | m :- r : t, | d :- r : t, | l, :- ||  
Rinn dealradh do mhaise 'us lasadh do ghruaidhean, Mise ghrad-bhualadh thairis gu làr.  
Thy lips red and luscious, and blushes bright glowing, Smote me with love and sweetest despair.

Do dhearc-shuillean glana, fo mhala gun ghruaimean,

'S daingean a bhuail iad mise le d' ghràdh.

Do ròs-bhilean tana, seimh, farasda suairce,

Cladhaichear m' uaigh mur glac thu mo lamh.

Their fuasgladh air m' anam, o'n cheangal is cruaidhe;

Cuimhnich air t'uaisle, 's cobhair mo chàs;

Nàibiodhams a'm thràill dhuit gu bràth o an uair a's;

Ach tiomaich o chruas do chridhe gu tìas.

Cha 'n fhaodar leam cadal, air leabaidh an uaigneas,

'S m' aigie 'g a bhuaireadh dh' oidhche 's a là;

Ach annir a's binne, 's a's grinne, 's a's suairce,

Gabh-sa dhìom truas 'us bithidh mi àlan.

Thy blue eyes soft beaming and gleaming, my treasure,

Lips like the rose in the dew of the morn,

With passion have filled me, and thrilled me with pleasure;

Death is my doom if I suffer their scorn.

Thy charms are ensnaring, despairing I languish;

Free me—remember how noble thou art;

No longer enslave me but save me from anguish:

Love, sweetest love—let it soften thine heart.

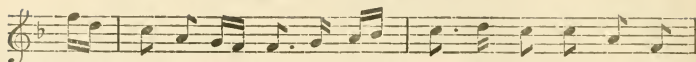
For me there's no sleeping; but weeping, grief-laden,

Midnight and morning with sorrow I dwell;

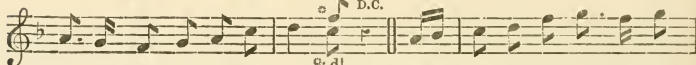
But, oh! should my sweetest and neatest young

Pity and love me, I soon should be well. [maiden

# 30—A CHAILINN THA TAMH MU LOCH EITE—THE LASS BY LOCH EIVE.

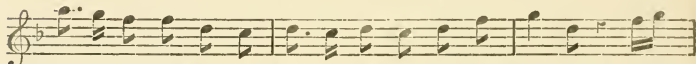


KEY F. (♭) : d' . l | s : m : r . d | d : - . r : m . f | s : - . l : s | s : m : d }  
 SEISD—( Cha'n ell mi mar b'abh - aist la seachduin no Sàbaid, 'S cha  
 Dh'fhàs cianal air m'aig - ne bho'n thug mi 'chiad aire Do'n  
 CHORUS—I'm dreary on Sun - day, I'm wea - ry on Mon - day, And  
 A lovely young na - tive, from bon - nie Loch E - tive, Has  
 D.C.

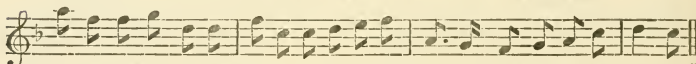


{ m : - . r : d | r : m : s | l : - . s : | m . f | s : l : d' | r' : - . d' : r' }  
 dùisg - ear á pràmh gu deagh ghleus mi; Bha àm ann 'us shaoil mi nach  
 chailinn tha tamh mu Loch Eite.  
 noth - ing can wake me to glad - ness; I once had the no - tion, that for  
 filled me with love and with sad - ness.

\* First time end with F (dobh!); second time end with C (soh).



{ m' : - . r' : d' | d' : l : s | l : - . s : l | s : l : d' | r' : - . l | : : d' . r' }  
 beanadh an gaol rium 'S nach maothaicheadh idir mo chridh' ris; Ach  
 love's strange e - mo - tion My heart was too careless and list - less; I've



{ m' : d' : d' | r' : l : l | d' : s : s | l : t : d' | m : - . r : d | r : m : s | l : - . s : }  
 chaochail am beachd sin 'us tha mi nis faicinn Gur deac - air e duine bhi strith ris.  
 changed that opinion, I've felt its do - minion, And find that its sway is re - sist - less.

Aig coinnimh na h-bigrìdh 's ann chuir mi 'n ceud eòlas

Air an òg-chailinn choimblionta, chiataich;  
 'U's cha tig e an gradaig a mhùchas an t-sradag  
 A rinn ise fhadadh 'n am chliabh-sa.

Cha dùth dhomh bhi luaidh air na feartan thug buaidh orm,

'S a mhosgail bho shuaimhneas gu bròn mi—  
 A ghnis fhoinnidh, fhlathail, a sùilean caoin, tairis,  
 'S a binn-bheul o 'm blasta thig còmhradh.

Is finealta, uasal a beus 'us a ghasad;  
 Is ceanalta, suairce a nàdur;

'N a pearsa cho loinneil, 'n a deise cho sgoinneil—  
 Cha 'n iognadh ged 's toigh leam a' ghràidheag.

'S e cuspair mo smointean a latha 's a dh'oidheche  
 A dh' fhoillseachadh seòl air bhi rèidh rith',

'Chionn mur faigh mi a buannachd ri 'm bheò  
 bith mi truaigh deth,

Fo sgàil dhuibh gun suaimhneas gun ìbhneas.

At a young people's meeting I first got her greeting,

This fair one for whom I am yearning,  
 And her loveliness threw some love sparks in my bosom,

That still are unquenchably burning.  
 The graces displayed in this charming young maiden

Are past all my powers of relation:  
 Her smile that entrances, her bright loving glances,

Her artless and sweet conversation—  
 Each feature and gesture, each fold of her vesture,

Each word and each motion discover  
 She's peerlessly pretty, wise, modest and witty—

Dear lassie, no wonder I love her!

Both sleeping and waking my heart it is aching;  
 To win her esteem I'll endeavour;

And if my enslaver deny me her favour,  
 My life shall be clouded for ever.

New song by Mr M. MACFARLANE; translation by L. M. The air is known as "Airdh nam beas."



# 31—CRONAN—A LULLABY.

KEY A. { M : r : d | M : r : d | r : d : r | M : - : S }

Cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an gaol - ach,  
Hush - a - by, dar - ling, and hush - a - by, dear, O.

{ M : r : d | M : r : d | r : d : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - : s<sub>1</sub> }

Cag - ar - an, fogh - aint - each, fear de mo dhaol - ne  
Hush - a - by, dar - ling will yet be a he - - ro;

{ s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> | d : r : M | r : d : r | M : - : S }

Goid - idh e gobh - air dhomh, goid - idh e caoir - ich,  
None will be big - ger, or brav - er, or strong - er:

{ f : m : r | d : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> | r : - : d }

Goid - idh e cap - ull 'us mart o na raoin - tean.  
Lull - a - by, lit - tle one, cry - ing no long - er.

Cagaran laghach thu, cagaran caomh thu,  
Cagaran odhar, na cluinneam do chaoine;  
Goididh e gobhair 'us goididh e caoirich,  
Goididh e sithionn o fhireach an aonaich.

Dean an cadalan 's dhùin do shùilean,  
Dean an cadalan beag 'na mo sgùrdaich;  
Rinn thu an cadalan 's dhùin do shùilean,  
Rinn thu an cadalan, slàn gu'n dùisg thu!

Thuit e 'na chadalan thuit e 'na shuaineam;  
Cairisidh einglean gu cairdeil mu'n cuairt da;  
Cluinnidh e'n guthan a cagar 'na chluasan,  
'S bithidh fiamh-ghàire air gràdhan 'na bhruadar!

Lullaby, little one, bonnie wee baby,  
He'll be a hero and fight for us maybe;  
Cattle and horses and sheep will his prey be:  
None will be bolder or braver than baby.

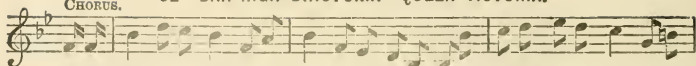
Softly and silently eyelids are closing;  
Dearest wee jewel, so gently he's dosing;  
Softly he's resting by slumber o'ertaken;  
Soundly he's sleeping and sweetly he'll waken.

Placidly, peacefully, slumber has bound him;  
Angels are lovingly watching around him—  
Beautiful spirits, his sorrow beguiling,  
Sweetly they whisper, and baby is smiling!

The three first verses of the Gaelic are relics of an old Lochaber lullaby.

# 32—BAN-RIGH BHICTORIA—QUEEN VICTORIA.

CHORUS.

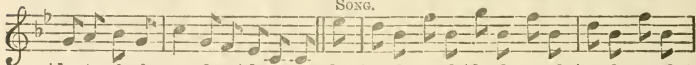


**KEY Bb** {s<sub>1</sub>.s<sub>1</sub> | d : m.r | d : s<sub>1</sub>.t<sub>1</sub> | d : s<sub>1</sub>.f<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub>.d<sub>1</sub>:d<sub>1</sub>.d | r.m:f.m | r : l<sub>1</sub>.de }  
 Cuiribh fonn air an dàn so an can-ain ar n-aithrichean, 'Us togaibh leam an t-seisid ao, gu'  
 Now a bold and sonorous good chorus from Highlanders: Ring out your hearty cheers, Mountain-

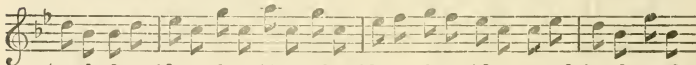


{r : l<sub>1</sub>.s<sub>1</sub> | f<sub>1</sub>.r<sub>1</sub>:r<sub>1</sub>.t<sub>1</sub> | d : m.r | d : s<sub>1</sub>.t<sub>1</sub> | d : s<sub>1</sub>.f<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub>.d<sub>1</sub>:d<sub>1</sub>.m<sub>1</sub> | r<sub>1</sub>.m<sub>1</sub>:f<sub>1</sub>.s<sub>1</sub>}  
 heutrom's gu caithreamach; Tha clanna nan Gaidheal tha tamh measg nam mor-bheanna, Le durachd ag cur  
 eers and brave Islanders; All join this refrain, for the reign, long and glorious, The royal rule of

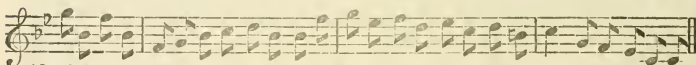
SONG.



{l<sub>1</sub>.t<sub>1</sub>:d.l | r : l<sub>1</sub>.s<sub>1</sub> | f<sub>1</sub>.r<sub>1</sub>:r<sub>1</sub>.t<sub>1</sub> | f | m.d:s.d | l.d:s.d | m.d:s.d }  
 fallt air a' Ehan-righ'n Victoria. Tha Sasann doirtheadh mach a h-òir a storasaibh gu  
 blessings full, the good Queen Victoria's. The Saxon land, with lavish hand, has shown her liber-



{m.d:d.m | f.r:l.r | t.r:l.r | f.s:l.s | f.r:r.f | m.d:s.d }  
 fighantach; An Eirinn fhein a' deanamh streip a mi-thlachd gheura thiomachadh; Na Cuimrich agus  
 al-i-ty; Ev'n Erin's Isle resumes her smile of sweetest, rarest qual-i-ty; On Lowland dales and



{l.d:s.d | s<sub>1</sub>.l:d.r | m.d:d.s | l.f:s.m | f.r:m.de | r : l<sub>1</sub>.s<sub>1</sub> | f<sub>1</sub>.r<sub>1</sub>:r<sub>1</sub>.t<sub>1</sub> | }  
 Goill na h-Alb' cur aird air mar is urrainn daibh, A choisircagadh gu h-uasal falaidh bliadhna na h-iubhl!  
 hills of Wales, that ancient Principal-i-ty, This Jub-i-lee they keep with glee, and free cordi-al-i-ty!

Ach sinne, Gàidheil nan crìochan garbh,  
 'Is tearc 's an àm ar fìneachan;  
 Is eutrom, falamh, fàs, gun òr,  
 Ar pòcannan 's ar n-ionmhàsan;  
 Cha'n e ar nòs bhì spàideil, spòrsail,  
 Bruidhneach, bòsdail, mìodalach,  
 'Us tairgidh sinn, mar sin, do'n Phànrigh'n  
 Làn-ghradh ar cridheachan.

Gun lìon i mòran Rìthean fhathast  
 Cathair àrd nam Breatannach;  
 Gu'n fàs a càirdean lìonmhor, fìn;  
 Gu'n faigh a nàmhaid beagachadh;  
 Gu'm meal i sonas, gràdh an t-sloigh,  
 'Us glòir 'n a Rìthibh deircannach;  
 'S ma leanas iadsan thig 'n a dèigh  
 'N a ceumaibh cha 'n cagal duinn.

Am measg nan linn a b' àirde glòir,  
 Le'n daoine mòra, foghainteach;  
 Am measg nam fìne choisinn cliù  
 Fo rìghrìbh eileil, comasach—  
 A dh'aindheoin beachd nan eachdraichean—  
 Gu deimhin, 's iad nò roghainn-sa  
 Ar cinneadh fein, an linn a tha  
 'S ar Bànrigh'n Victoria.

But we the Gaels, in lonely vales  
 Beyond the frowning Grampians,  
 Though clansmen true, are poor and few,  
 Bereft of chiefs and champions.  
 Though we've been proud and never bowed  
 With praises loud to royalty,  
 Our Queen and laud shall aye command  
 Our hand, heart and loyalty.  
 Long may she reign o'er land and main,  
 No loss or pain distressing her,  
 Her friends increasing, foes decreasing,  
 Health uncasing blessing her;  
 Long may her people shower upon her  
 Love and honour merited;  
 May sons unborn her virtues see  
 By kings to be inherited.

Of every age upon the page  
 Of Britain's sage historian,  
 For this we claim the highest fame,  
 This age we name Victorian;  
 And surely none such victories won  
 So wisely, bravely, humanly;  
 And than our Lady none has been  
 More quently or womanly.

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